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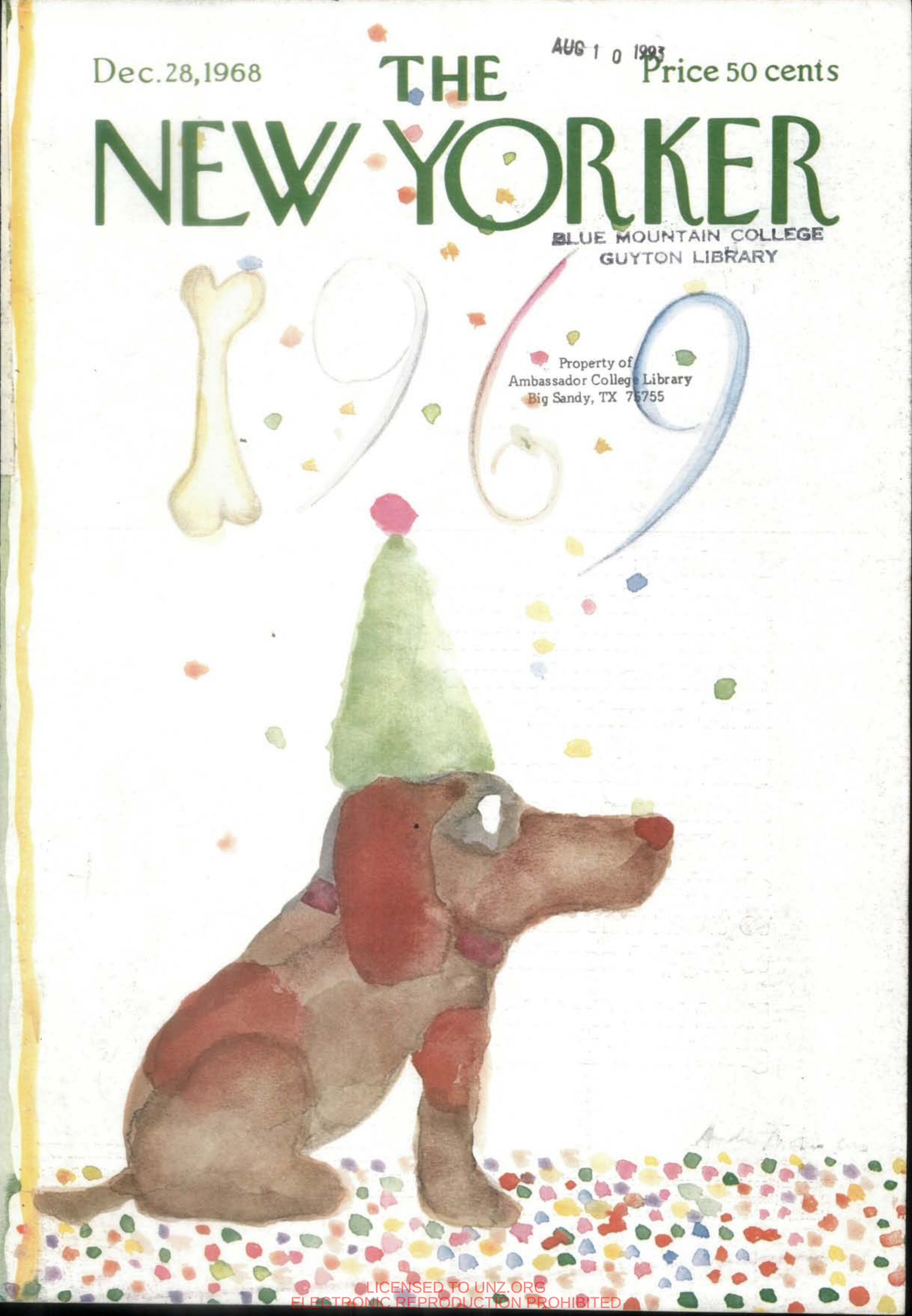

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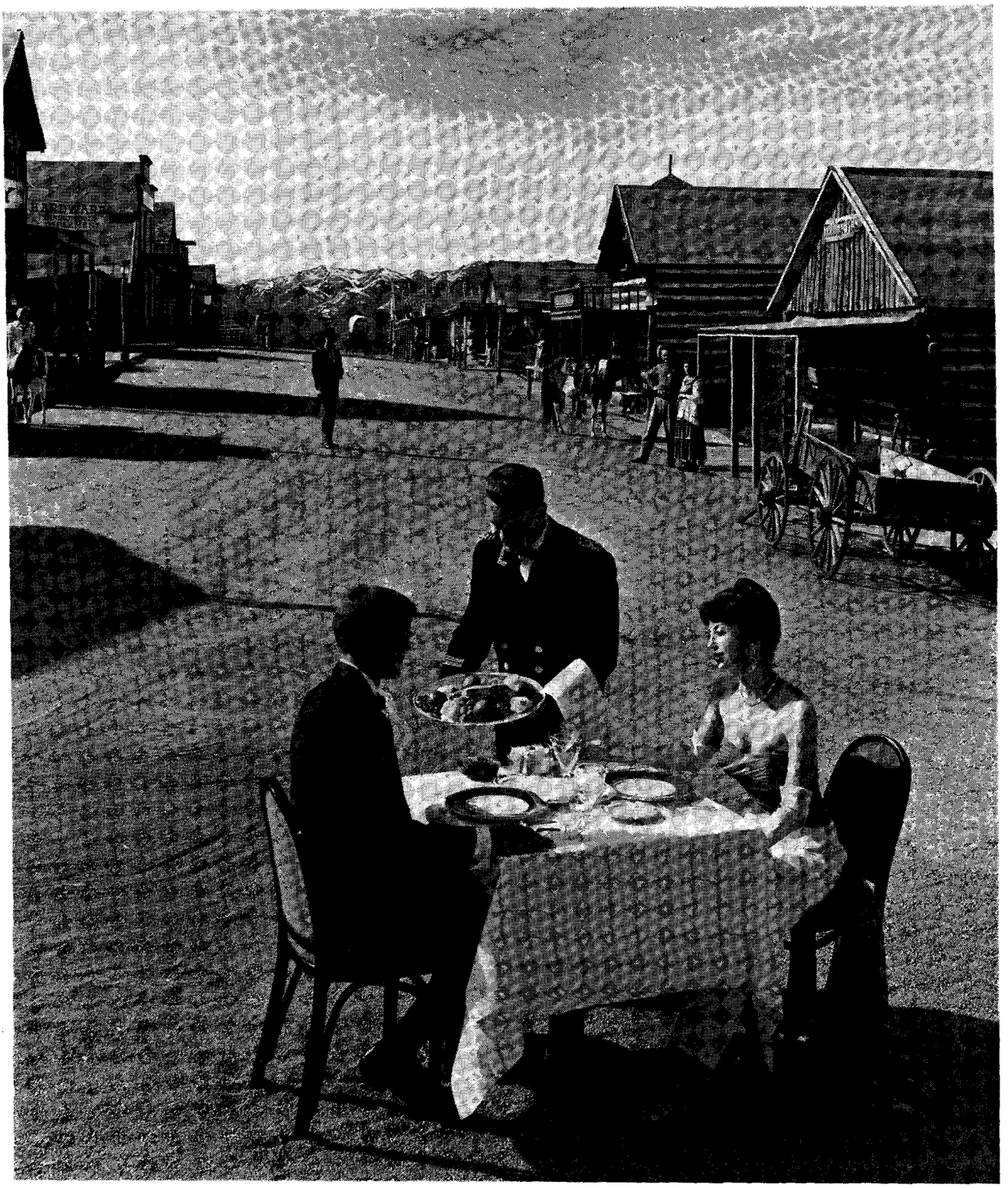

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week and next, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Christmas and New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—The current offering is Molière's **The Misanthrope**, adapted by Richard Wilbur. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2:30 and 7:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 30-31, at 8:30; Wednesday, Jan. 1, at 2; Thursday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 8:30; Friday, Jan. 3, at 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

The Autograph Hound—The collective title of a double bill by James Prideaux. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Big Time Buck White—A play by Joseph Dolan Tuotti. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Forty Carats—Julie Harris in a comedy adapted by Jay Allen from a French original by Pierre Barillet and Jean Pierre Gredy. Directed by Abe Burrows. Opens Thursday, Dec. 26. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Fourth Wall—A program of improvisations and set comedy routines, some of which come off quite well. The company (of five) is young, bright, and relatively new to show business. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Thursday, Dec. 26, at 8:40; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, at 8 and 10:30; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3 and 8; Monday, Dec. 30, at 8:40; New Year's Eve at 8:30 and 11; and Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8 and 10:30.)

Futz!—Rochelle Owens' farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 4.)

"God Is a (Guess What?)"—God is a black God (that's what) in this wild, eruptive, serious comedy by Ray McIver, which gets the Negro Ensemble Company off to a bracing start on its second season. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 12.)

The Great White Hope—A deafening and bedazzling account, by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, superbly portrayed by James Earl Jones. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Huui, Huui—A dreary synthetic about the woes of an extremely neurotic young man. In the leading role, Barry Primus at least prevents the bogus hero from becoming a bore, and Margaret Linn and Sharon Laughlin do well, too, as a pair of ladies in his life. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 5 and 9; and final performances Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3 and 7:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

Jimmy Shine—Dustin Hoffman does his brave best to make us believe that this non-play by Murray Schisgal is a touching comedy about the ignominy of young manhood; for all his bravery and talent, it is not enough. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Living Theatre—Performances Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 26-29, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, all at 8:30. (Poe Forum, Jerome Ave. at 167th St., Bronx. For tickets, call 777-7703.). . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4, at 8:30. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. For tickets, call 777-7703.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St. W. 245-5760. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, and Sunday, Dec. 29, all at 2:30.)

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Minnesota Theatre Company—A three-week repertory. **The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui**, directed by Edward Payson Call: Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3; Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 1-3, at 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2. . . . **The House of Atreus**, directed by Tyrone Guthrie: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2; Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 8; Wednesday, Jan. 1, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8; and Sunday, Jan. 5, at 3. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Closes Saturday, Jan. 11.)

Morning, Noon, and Night—Three playwrights from Off Broadway have come to Broadway with three fairly rubbishy one-act plays. By far the best thing about the evening is the cast: Sorrell Booke, John Heffernan, Robert Klein, Charlotte Rae, and Jane Marla Robbins. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. *Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées* Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Shakespeare's **King Lear**, with Lee J. Cobb: Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 28-29, at 2; and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4, at 8. . . . William Gibson's **A Cry of Players**, with Anne Bancroft and Frank Langella: Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616.). . . ¶ At the Forum (362-7618) in the same building—Charles Dizenzo's **An Evening for Merlin Finch**: Opens Thursday, Dec. 26, at 8. Other performances Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2. . . . John White's **Bananas**: Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 28-29, at 2, and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4, at 8.

Riot—A workshop production from Boston about the current Negro revolution, in which scenes of violence are simulated by the energetic players, who, to the accompaniment of screeching noise and flashing lights, swing chairs in the air, kick beer cans around, and even charge with bayonets, thereby putting the customers in considerable jeopardy. The theatrical effect is almost nil, however. (Broadway United Church of Christ, Broadway at 56th St. 245-5587. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Sweet Eros and **Witness**—A pair of satiric and sporadically effective one-acters by Terrence McNally. The first amounts to the monologue of a self-designated poet delivered to a young woman he has kidnapped, stripped, and tied up. In the second, another young nut, this one with assassination in mind, plays host to a small assortment of people, among them a loquacious window-washer. The company does well. Robert Drivas and Joe Ponazecki are very good as the two young men, and James Coco is truly funny as the window-washer. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tea Party and **The Basement**—The components of these fascinating one-act entries by Harold Pinter are, as should be expected, threat, suspicion, mischief, and wildly original comedy. Good performances by John Tillinger, David Ford, Valerie French, and June Emery. (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Trainer, Dean, Liepolt, and Company—Plays by David Trainer, Phillip Dean, and Werner Liepolt. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Thursday, Jan. 2, at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 18.)

We Bombed in New Haven—A curious mongrel of a play by Joseph Heller, attractively per-

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; Peter F. Fleischmann, president; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLIV, No. 45, December 28, 1968. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

formed by Jason Robards, Diana Sands, and an expert company. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30 and 8:40; Friday, Dec. 27, at 8:40; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2:40 and 8:40; and final performance Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3.)

LONG RUNS—PLAZA SUITE: Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE PRICE:** Arthur Miller's play about the high cost of being untrue to oneself. With Albert Salmi, Shepperd Strudwick, David Burns, and Kate Reid. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** A quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, with Eddie Bracken, Michaele Myers, and Robert Elston. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

THE BELIEVERS—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays and Sunday, Dec. 29, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)

CARNIVAL!—Final performances of a four-week revival presented by the City Center Light Opera Company, with Leon Bibb, Victoria Mallory, Pierre Olaf, Karen Morrow, and Richard France. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, at 2:30 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2:30; Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 8; Wednesday, Jan. 1, at 2:30; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 4-5, at 2:30 and 8.)

DAMES AT SEA—A musical with book and lyrics by George Haimsohn and Robin Miller, and music by Jim Wise. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

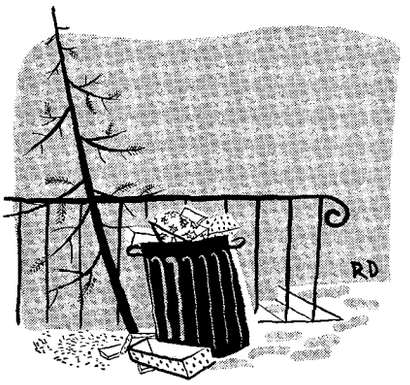
THE FIG LEAVES ARE FALLING—A musical with a cast headed by Barry Nelson and Dorothy Loudon; Allan Sherman wrote the book and lyrics, and Albert Hague the score. George Abbott is the director. Preview Thursday, Dec. 26. Opens officially on Friday, Dec. 27. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GEORGE M!—The superhumanly lively Joel Grey makes this musical about the disgruntled Broadway genius, George M. Cohan, twice as good as its book. The famous Cohan songs turn out to be as mindless and successful as they were some sixty years ago. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HAIR—A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAGGIE FLYNN—Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy giving their all to an over-plotted and not very tuneful account of the Civil War draft riots here. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

PROMISES, PROMISES—A musical as nearly perfect as no matter, starring Jerry Orbach and Jill



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O'Hara. The amusing book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)

ZORBA—A passionate old Greek is to be seen playing God under stormy Mediterranean skies. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova and a large, swarthy cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Thursday, Dec. 26, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; Sundays and New Year's Eve at 8; and Wednesday and Thursday, Jan 1-2, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CABARET:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning air. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and New Year's Eve at 6 and 9. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GOLDEN RAINBOW:** Worth attending only if you admire beyond reason the talents of Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Week-nights, except Wednesday, Jan. 1, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)... **MAME:** Jane Morgan is now Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Robert Wright plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—"The Nutcracker": Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 1:15 and 5:15; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday and Monday, Dec. 29-30, at 1:15 and 5:15; and Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 2:15 and 8:15.... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Stravinsky Symphony," and "Scotch Symphony."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 3, at 8:15: "Glinkaiana," "Prodigal Son," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Scotch Symphony," "Trois Valses Romantiques," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—"Coppélia": Thursday, Dec. 26, at 4; Friday, Dec. 27, at 3 and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2:30.... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 8:30: "Gartenfest," "Fancy Free," and "Etudes."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 1, at 8:30: "Danses Concertantes," "Miss Julie," and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:30: "Les Sylphides," "Pillar of Fire," Flower Festival Pas de Deux," and "Concerto."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 3, at 8:30; "Pulcinella Variations," "Pillar of Fire," and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2:30: "Harbinger" and Giselle."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:30: "Gartenfest," "Miss Julie," and "Etudes." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Through Sunday, Jan. 5.)

MISCELLANY

SALZBURG MARIONETTE THEATRE—Two performances of Mozart's opera **THE MAGIC FLUTE.** (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, at 8:30.)

PRINCETON TRIANGLE SHOW—Benefit performances of a musical, "A Different Kick," this year's undergraduate production. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 2-6400.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A good name for a place where the benches have been shoved close together and the strongest drink is jasmine tea. People who turn on to songs of social significance should enjoy hearing Janis Ian, a young girl who writes what she sings. Through Monday, Dec. 30, the Critters will play rock. Things begin at nine-thirty.

CAFÉ AU GO GO, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—A dim, downstairs coffeehouse that might make some family a nice bomb shelter. The music comes mainly from Tim Hardin, an unusual man with an unusual voice and an ingrained feeling for an honest song. Comic Larry Hankin is on the same bill. On Wednesday, Jan. 1, other performers will succeed them.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL

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5-9752)—Sweaters and open collars will get you in the door. It's a casual jazz corner, with a brief Italian menu and room for dancing. The Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet produces some interesting sounds. Closed New Year's Day.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group consisting of Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday and New Year's Day.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—strums and plinks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-0727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and music by the Pharoah Sanders quintet, with singer Leon Thomas. On Wednesday, Jan. 1, the Chico Hamilton octet will move in. Mondays, from nine-thirty to four, are turned over to various jazz groups. Some early performances, before the regular sessions: Saturday, Dec. 28, from five to nine, a six-piece, ad-hoc outfit that involves three trumpets; Sunday, Dec. 29, from five to nine, the Frank Foster concert ensemble.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the Ahmad Jamal trio is carrying on with its usual aplomb. Cousin Joe, a New Orleans pianist and blues singer, will alternate with the trio through Sunday, Dec. 29. On New Year's Eve, there will be dancing to the Jamal trio and another band, from ten until sunup. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Thursday through Tuesday, Dec. 26-31, B. B. King will lead a blues band, alternating with Herbie Mann's octet. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 3-4, Nina Simone, accompanied by a quintet, will trade sets with the Montego Joe quartet. On New Year's Eve, people will be invited to dance to the music of King and Mann, from ten until the break of day.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—It's in the basement. At about nine-thirty every night, the Herbie Hancock sextet falls to. Mondays are turned over to the large, loud Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 1-2.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they *get* in, they find a moose head on the wall. The banjos twang from nine until closing every night. From four-thirty to nine on Sundays, a Dixieland band performs.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Looking-glass people favor this glib, sleekly run palace of pop-chic. It has waiters with spangly neck chains, a small dance floor, and loud recorded rock that alternates with the loud sounds of the Epitomé. Dancing from nine until three or four. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Joan Sutherland singing "Eleanor Rigby"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A synthetic but persuasive freak-out. Lights flow, flutter, blend, and flash, and big-top-type performers do their thing while the rock-saturated crowd does its own hyperkinetic thing. Live rock groups alternate with recorded rock over a vigorous system, from eight until four, except on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 1-2, when the action runs from nine until two. No alcohol. Shazam.

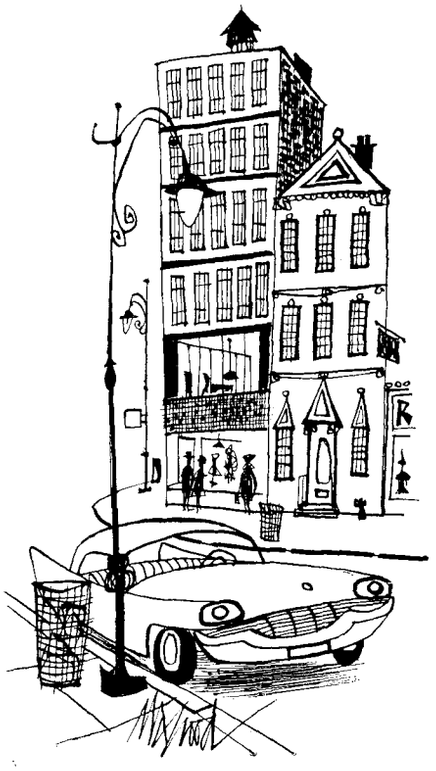
L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, but the mood is closer to that of Cambridge, Mass. Neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—A suave sort of spot existing from ten until three or four in what by day is a restaurant called the Penthouse Club and by night—thanks to some revolving lights, some strong records, and an ambiance of reverberating luxe—becomes a discothèque. Snacks are served. The view of the Park is fine.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh . . . hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by an octet known as the Cal Roberts Swingers. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—The quondam Tuxedo Ballroom, recently transformed into something else—a fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. You might not thing you're in some Ruritanian village, but then again, after gazing at the phony trees a while, you might. Dancing to records from seven until three or four, except on New Year's Eve, when nothing happens until nine.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of E Pluribus Unum. On Tuesday, Dec. 31, the Pumpkins will arrive. Closed Mondays.



Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—you'll find white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Grand manoir, grand manner: that's the Café Pierre, where there's music every night—Phil Wayne's band Monday, Stanley Worth's band the other nights—that goes on until well past the theatre. The interludes between the Worth sessions are occupied by Ellen Harwicke's commendable piano and voice. On New Year's Eve, the long-lost Janice Mars will do the singing. . . . **El Morocco**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Now and then one of the Druids drops in, but it's not really the same old Stonehenge; modernity has had its way and sway. Music all the time, some of it taken from life and some of it taken from a wall plug. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and New Year's Day. . . . **Delmonico's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Good-behavior medals can be handed out to practically all participants in the dinner-and-supper *dansant* (Ernie Warren's band is *régisseur*) that goes its leisured way from eight until one or two in the restaurant. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **The Riverboat**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Count Basie's boys are giving their usual good blow-by-blow account of themselves, and Marlena Shaw does the chirruping. They come to blowing at eight-thirty; other music begins at six-thirty. On Friday, Jan. 3, the evergreen Bobby Hackett crew will succeed the Basies, and Urbie Green's band will do the six-thirty opening bars. No music Sunday nights. . . . **Roseland Dance City**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Antidisestablishmentarianism is the word; no venturings from the classic simplicities of the foxtrot and such are permitted. The scenery is simplistic, too, and so is the menu, but the music is ample. Argueso's set of Latin bandsmen is supplemented by a pair of Up North orchestras. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The last will and testament of Jackie Vernon is read aloud by his autobiographer, who is in fine and witty shape, considering what he has been through. Bert Convy, the original beleaguered American in "Cabaret," chips in with his ballads. At ten and twelve during the week, and three times (starting at nine-thirty) on Fridays and Saturdays. New Year's Eve, the times are nine and twelve. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—United Nations East; i.e., Israelis, Greeks, and Armenians blending voices and instruments around the campfire, exchanging jokes, and eyeing the permutations and combinations of a dancer whose specialty is the *danse de ventre*. The jokers are Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr; among the principal musicians is the oudist George Mgrdichian. Mr. Sharr will absent himself on New Year's Eve. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Instant Replay," the incumbent portmanteau revue, has its upstairs and its downstairs, the ups prevailing by a small margin. Nine-thirty (nine on New Year's Eve) and midnight. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box reopens on Friday, Dec. 27, to present Godfrey Cambridge (words, some of them in very good humor),

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A new Import Collection of custom-styled lashes. One is made to order, just for you.

The hand-made masterpieces that frame the eyes of continental beauties. In three custom feather cuts. Black or sooty brown.
'Natural-Fine' day lashes, for the understated English Look.
'Winged Lashes', triple-full and upswept at the sides for drama Italian-style.
'Ultra-Fringed', thick, shaggy for a look exotically Spanish.

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Introducing

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If this under-30 thing is denting your ego, you should try this cream.

This astonishing new facecream is the very first of its kind. *Translucent.* So clear it leaves nothing on your skin but a clean, young shine. And because it's *concentrated,* the littlest bit goes a *very* long way.

And its oils are staggeringly rich. Rich enough to tackle the toughest problems dryness can cause. Its name is *Translucent Wrinkle Creme.*

(Need we say more?)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

plus Anthony and the Imperials (music, some of it on the wings of the wind). Dinner and supper is their deal, but only supper on New Year's Eve. The Lee Evans band, at the moment about the best dance unit in town, will simmer in the background. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The age of chivalry, and of chevalry, is born anew when José Greco and his set of gallants and their ladies mount their invisible steeds and carom across the Andalusian plains. Luis Rivera, Maria Soto, and the Quinteros (Carmen and Justo) are Mr. G.'s most notable equestrians. The dance music, an art in itself, clings mostly to idiomatic Latin, even for the customers. Seven days a week.... ¶ In the small Flamenco Room, a guitar begins as early as five, and Moorish street cries begin as early as nine-thirty. Both repositories are in service every night.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Martha Reeves and the Vandellas, another squadron of the Motown militia, are in what sounds very much like full cry in the middle of the floor; David Frye, their much quieter co-worker, presents a comedy of mannerisms—the idiosyncrasies, neatly mimicked, of this and that celebrated worldling. On Thursday, Jan. 2, Bobby Darin, who can dress up a pop song until it looks really good, will replace all hands.... ¶ As for the main-floor bar, music that worships strange gods (many of them electronic) begins at ten and ends who knows when.

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—This enterprise keeps changing its wee mind, but the inside info (and this is strictly confidential) has it that Lili St. Cyr, the body beautiful, is now in an extravaganza heavily peopled by a swarm of Japanese balletomanes as well as by domestic flora. Twice a night.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room interrupts its palatial way of life during dinner and supper to serve up the team of Hines, Hines & Dad, a mechanical device (song and prance) that works like greased lightning—lightning, though, that strikes more than once in one place. On Wednesday, Jan. 1, they will be replaced by Lesley Gore, who will sing just at ten that evening but on the dinner and supper runs thereafter. On New Year's Eve, one show at twelve-forty-five (black tie). The band run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte's serenaders fill the rest of the evening with joyous sound. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Below-stairs, in **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ**, the truthfully named Newport Jazz All-Stars (Red Norvo, George Wein, Ruby Braff, Jake Hanna, and Barney Kessel) prove their worth—which is their weight in gold. Tee-off time is eight and shut-eye arrives at two, but New Year's Eve the schedule is ten to three. Dinner is served, supper is not, and Mondays are dark.... ¶ Violin and piano commune sentimentally in the Palm Court from four-thirty until six-thirty every evening, and from (except on Sundays) seven to nine in the Edwardian Room, which will install a dance group New Year's Eve. In the Palm Court, where Gunnar Hansen's violin soothes the winter nights, there will be another dance set, under his direction, New Year's Eve. On New Year's Day and on Sunday, the Palm Court will be closed in the evening.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The course of Empire, and the seven-course dinner of Empire. The New Christy Minstrels, the kind of well-behaved children Pop and Mom used to raise, are singing away, very much in the gusty manner of Pop and Mom so long ago in their covered wagons. Nine-thirty and twelve-thirty are their hours. On Sunday, the Christys appear at eight-thirty and eleven. Their last night is New Year's Eve. The place takes a breather on New Year's Day, but reopens the next evening to return Margaret Whiting, a soprano on a long leave of absence, to night life. Joe Cabot's quartet, which starts the dance tunes at seven, is staying on.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette is, as always, a social occasion, and the only breaks in the charade arrive when, during dinner and supper, Dick Kallman, a newcomer to this sort

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

of deal, does a set of songs. The orchestration for everything else is provided by the bands of Quintero and George Cort. Wednesday, Jan. 1, is a dark night. Next evening brings along another newcomer, Doris Hines, likewise (and not by coincidence) a singer. Closed Sundays, too.... ¶ The Roof comes out of hibernation just for New Year's Eve, dishing out Ray McKinley's band and a Latin squad.... ¶ La Boite, across the way, leads a more sylvan life—merely the collaboration of Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, who have been making dining fiddle-and-piano since the beginning of time—3/4 time, anyway. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On New Year's Eve, the Grand Ballroom (black tie, s.v.p.) will house Guy Lombardo and his Royal Northwest Mounted Police, along with Gordon MacRae, a tenor *robusto*.... ¶ In Peacock Alley, a catch-as-catch-can trio does marching music throughout dinner and supper, from Tuesday to Saturday every week, and ahead of that, beginning at four in the afternoon, there is piano a cappella, except Saturdays and Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Herein lives the loyal constituency that, year after year, returns Louis Golson Hawkins to office; i.e., one of the two back-to-back pianos upon which he and Wayne Sanders ring out clear upon the midnight air. They take turns earlier, too, from around seven o'clock. On New Year's Eve, a movable feast—cocktails and conversation on the upper deck of the Hawkins ménage, then a descent to the main room for supper, the Hawkins-Sanders duets, and a dance-music threesome. Closed Sundays.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Young Lochinvars out of the East, and their young consorts, and the piano of Dan Ruskin, which believes in self-expression rather than conformity. No music Sundays. Closed New Year's Day.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): In his late-watch tower, Bobby Short sings his night-blooming songs almost until the dappled dawn doth rise. His piano and his aides, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, are powerful concomitants. They bow out on New Year's Eve, and on Thursday, Jan. 2, Mabel Mercer, another of our rare one-of-a-kinds, will resume her recitals of one-of-a-kind lieder, to the acutely aware piano of Buddy Barnes. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.... **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue, that raunchy simulacrum of the Barbary Coast, will raise its sights on Wednesday, Jan. 1, when Charles De Forest returns to this piano bar to sing his ballads of the sad café life. He will stay home Sundays.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As the zimbalons and such slowly go mad before one's very eyes, a replica of Old Budapest begins to take shape. Béla Babai is the inexhaustible leader of the band, Tibor Rakossy is chevalier and tenor. The attendant sopranos can be flighty, but that's Hungarian music for you. Closed Mondays.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The premises are august indeed, but the mood is full-fledged December in midtown. Beginning with cocktails and ending with after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday.... **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. Here, at least from Tuesday through Saturday every week, we can brush up on our cruise-ship Calypso vocabulary at the hands and guitar of an itinerant troubadour, who commences at eight or nine and lasts until one or two. Closed New Year's Day.... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A sort of family affair, for which Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of music-hall tradition, acts as compeer and (at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays) as *diseuse*. New Year's Eve, she shows up only at midnight. Modest and leisurely dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and New Year's Day.... **GRENADIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Nearer in mien and menu to London Bridge than it is to the Queensboro, but Lynn Richards, whose fingers and voice are at the piano between nine and two (except on Sundays, Mondays, and New Year's Day), qualifies as All-American girl. P. S.: Discothèque dancing New Year's Eve.... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All comestibles are served *vibrato, con amore*, because the management, right down to the newest busboy, is head over heels in love with Italian opera. Closed Mondays.... **PIER 52**, 144 W. 52nd St. (245-6652): A captain's-table operation, neatly done and ornamented. In the bar, which is ditto ditto, George Taylor, seated halfway up the mainmast, addresses his songs and piano to the deck passengers from nine until two, except Sundays.... **GOTHAM RESTAURANT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): New Year's Eve, the dance band of Brent Talbot, sprig of Bermuda's Talbot Brothers' family, will set to at nine.... **ACT 1**, in the Allied Chemical Tower, Broadway at 42nd St. (695-1880): At ten on New Year's Eve, a dinner dance begins, to end when it will.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The moat has every modern convenience, including running water, and the banqueting hall has fiddle and pianoforte on, on into the night. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is proffered every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (come fly with me, my pet) is done by Norbert Faconi, the perennial gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A pomp-and-circumstance sector of an eternal city where itinerant musicians take the place of chatter. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The signature of the artist who did this town house over Mediterranean style must surely be S.P.Q.R. There is piano from six to midnight in the bar, except on Sundays.... **FOUR SEASONS**, 99 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-4300): The glittery Park Avenue showroom now puts out supper, too, from ten to one, while Joel Shulman produces, within the compass of a single pair of hands, crisp sounds on both piano and electronic harpsichord. He is absent Saturdays and Sundays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A decorators' fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Rogelio Reguera, who just about amounts to being a classicist. He sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one.... **LA RONDE**, in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, an original thinker, is at his well-informed piano, amid a great deal of décor, from five-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. Closed New Year's Day.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This is the closed

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circuit along which, table by table, Herman Honigsberg and his serenading violin make their calm, self-possessed way, followed by a train of acolyte musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . REMBRANDT ROOM, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The decorous old period piece is the realm of George Feyer, whose lapis-lazuli piano is in service from eight-thirty until one-thirty, though not on Sundays. . . . SALUM SANCTORUM, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Up, up one flight to perhaps a Mystic Isle, a villa on the Bosporus—who can tell? In one room of the suite, a piano muses from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): A welcome wide-open space for us cramped citizens of New York is the Casino-on-the-Park. Parked at quite a grand piano, Bob Kail does his constructive work between six-thirty and one, but he vacations Sundays and Mondays. . . . POLO BAR, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The circumspect old homestead. Over by the bar itself sits Joe Miles, who executes mannerly études from nine-thirty until one. His time-outs are Sunday and Monday. . . . UMBERTO, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): The architecture is modern *ristorante* rather than Restoration, but the sound is the age-old one of strolling minstrel, tenor and guitar at the ready, who patrols from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed New Year's Day. Some, as indicated, will be closed Tuesday, Dec. 31, and some are likely to close early on that day.)

GALLERIES

LEE ADLER—Paintings inspired by machines and mechanical drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

JO BAER AND ALFRED LESLIE—Abstract paintings by the former and detailed nudes by the latter; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

MAX BECKMANN (1884-1950)—Etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts by one of Germany's outstanding twentieth-century artists; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

THOMAS HART BENTON—Paintings and drawings, primarily of the twenties through the forties, by one of the leaders of American art of that period; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JAMES BISHOP—Paintings composed of geometric shapes with slightly irregular edges; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHECK BOTERF—Shaped canvases; through Thursday, Jan. 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CALVERT COGGESHALL—Non-objective paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Tuesday, Dec. 31.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Recent drawings by the well-known West Coast figure painter; through Jan. 30. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays and Tuesday, Dec. 31.)

JACOB DRACHLER—Modular constructions and boxes containing geometric shapes by a sculptor who in the dim past was an Abstract Expressionist painter; through Friday, Jan. 3. (East Hampton Gallery, 32 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

GERTRUDE FISKE (1878-1961)—Figure and landscape paintings in the Impressionist mode by a New Englander; through Thursday, Jan. 2. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

CHARLES HAWTHORNE (1872-1930)—Oils and watercolors, mostly of Cape Cod personalities, by an artist long associated with the Cape; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

KYOHEI INUKAI—Simple designs in bright colors suggesting biological processes; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM KING—Sculptures in wood, aluminum, and linen in a satirical and whimsical vein; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays and Tuesday, Dec. 31.)

WILLIAM KORTLANDER—Figure paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Tuesday, Dec. 31.)

WALT KUHN (1877-1949)—Watercolors and drawings of the human figure by an organizer of the Armory Show; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays and Tuesday, Dec. 31.)

JUNE LEAF—Constructions and drawings representing life in New York, for an imaginary theatre; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

LEONID—Drawings done during the last thirty years by a romantic realist known for his water-view subjects; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

JOHN MCCRACKEN—A sculptor known for his colored planks fills the gallery with a piece consisting of fourteen painted plywood units; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

REGINALD NEAL—Plastic boxes with colored plastic enclosures producing optical effects; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Tuesday, Dec. 31.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI—One of America's leading artist-designers offers adaptations of Japanese lanterns as light sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays and Tuesday, Dec. 31.)

JOSEPH RAFFAEL—Paintings with a psychedelic cast; through Jan. 9. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE SEGAL—A prominent Pop sculptor's lifelike plaster figures in everyday situations, plus pastels; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

JULIAN STANCZAK—Paintings of straight lines and overlapping planes; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

YORK WILSON—Paintings composed of striped planes; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

PRE-COLUMBIAN ART—Ceramics, metal work, and textiles from Peru; through Jan. 9. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the ACA, 63 E. 57th St.: Portraits of their wives by more than seventy artists, who encompass a wide range (from Avery through Bellows, Gropper, Rivers, and Pascin); through Saturday, Jan. 4. . . . BYKERT, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, Marden, Van Buren, and Gourfain; through Saturday, Dec. 28. . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Paintings by turn-of-the-century artists, all but one of them members of the National Academy; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. . . . MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St.: Four prominent academics exhibit watercolors; through Saturday, Jan. 4. . . . SCHWEITZER, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Inness, Metcalf, Moran, and Sargent are some of the artists represented in a show of paintings by Americans who worked and travelled in Europe after 1850; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. . . . ZABRISKIE, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings by twentieth-century Americans, such as Gropper, Marsh, Sloan, Shinn, and Henri, on the theme of the theatre; through Jan. 11. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Optical specialists, including Agam and Le Parc, supply tricks with lights and mirrors; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the SABARSKY, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by Kirchner, Nolde, Pechstein, Schmidt-Rottluff, and other German Expressionists; through Jan. 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show, assembled by the Fogg Art Museum, of seventy masterpieces of the seventeenth century (by Rembrandt, Rubens, Poussin, Fragonard, Tiepolo, and others—many of the works shown in New York for the first time), which interpret scenes and modes of classical antiquity; through Saturday, Jan. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An extensive collection of etchings and drawings by the seventeenth-century printmaker Stefano della Bella; through Sunday, Dec. 29. . . . ¶ Mayan art from Guatemala, covering that civilization from about 500 B.C. to 1500 A.D. and featuring a stela airlifted from the jungle, plus other stelae, stone sculptures, ceramics, jewelry, and flint and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

obsidian votive offerings; through Jan. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and objects on the theme of "The Machine as Seen at the End of the Mechanical Age." On Wednesdays, at noon, the exhibition is supplemented by the showing in the Auditorium of a number of experimental movies under the general heading "The Machine in Film." Through Feb. 9. ...¶ A thirty-six-foot-long, eight-foot-high, four-and-a-half-foot-deep Plexiglas panel construction by Robert Rauschenberg, in which arrangements of wooden chairs can be seen by the flicker of lights set off electronically in response to whatever sounds ("Wow!" "Jeepers!") emanate from the audience; through Jan. 26....¶ Twenty-five posters made during the student revolt in Paris last May; through Jan. 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A mammoth showing of seven hundred articles of pre-Hispanic Peruvian art from 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D., containing ceramic objects (decorated vessels, musical instruments, men, animals, and birds); jewelry; objects in gold, silver, and wood; stone carvings; and textiles. Through Jan. 11....¶ Paintings by Wassily Kandinsky taken from the Museum's collection; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The annual survey of American art, this year devoted to sculpture, exhibits a hundred and thirty-seven works by as many artists, thirty-seven of whom are appearing at the Whitney for the first time; through Feb. 9....¶ Ten murals by Rufus Porter (1792-1884), a newly rediscovered nineteenth-century landscapist who was also an inventor and science editor; through Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and thirty-seven works, many of them animated and "environmental," exemplifying current collaborations between artists and engineers; through Jan. 5....¶ Little-known oils, watercolors, and drawings done from 1911 to 1922 by William Zorach, a leading American sculptor who died in 1966; through Jan. 16. Except on Mondays, admission is fifty cents. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese jade from neolithic times through the nineteenth century, and comprising tomb objects, daggers, beads, jewelry, votive carvings, and amulets; through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Medieval art, from the fifth century to the first quarter of the sixteenth, lent by private American collectors and made up of two hundred and twenty illuminated manuscripts, paintings and drawings, sculptures, ivories, metalwork, goldsmiths' work, enamels, stained glass, and embroideries and tapestries; through March 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5. Except on Tuesdays, admission is $1.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings and sculptures of the female figure by contemporaries, known and less known; among the former are Marisol, Oldenburg, D'Arcangelo, de Kooning, Katz, and Thiebaud. Through Jan. 26....¶ Sixteenth-, seventeenth-, and eighteenth-century drawings on the theme of "The Story of Christmas;" through Jan. 19. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A selection of fifty-four paintings and three sculptures done since 1950 by Charles Alston, a black artist concerned with social problems; through Jan. 19....¶ Numerous bronzes and some stone carvings, drawings, and watercolors, and one oil painting by the late Jacob Epstein, celebrated for his portrait busts; through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Two hundred and thirty ritual and ceremonial objects, covering three thousand years, and ranging from a chalice of the time of Jeremiah to gold glass from the Roman catacombs and a shofar from Ethiopia, borrowed from public institutions in New York; through Jan. 5....¶ A "pond" contrived by Robert Whitman of sheets of plastic mirrors, activated images and sound, strobe lights, and lenses that reflect the spectator; through Jan. 5....¶ Posters created by students during the Paris demonstrations last spring and by Czechs during the Russian occupation in August; through Jan. 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Scenic and costume designs, scripts, caricatures, posters, and maquettes by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, Ming Cho Lee, Noguchi, Al Hirschfeld, Karinska, and other artists who have contributed to City Center productions over the past twenty-five years; through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Classical Style in Islamic Painting," a hundred miniatures and manuscripts showing the influence and place of the Herat school in the history of Islamic painting; through Saturday, Jan. 4. ...¶ Books, handsome indeed, designed and hand set by the eminent Dr. Giovanni Mardersteig at his Officina Bodoni, in Verona, Italy; through Saturday, Jan. 4....¶ A splendid thread of figure drawings from the fifteenth century to the twentieth; through Jan. 11. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Folk arts and crafts of the early Pennsylvania settlers, such as whirligigs and wood fantasies, butter molds, samplers, and a birdcage and a squirrel cage; through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Recent acquisitions—sculptures from Africa, gold pieces from Mexico, dance masks from Melanesia, and other items; through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Diverse items from the Museum's collection: costumes, paintings and prints, photographs, toys, and theatre memorabilia (the most memorable being Gypsy Rose Lee's garter belt and sets of false teeth [Mr. Hyde's] once used by Fredric March); through March 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

New School, 66 W. 12th St.—Forty-eight posters by well-known contemporaries, such as Motherwell, Chagall, Segal, Warhol, and Rivers, commissioned under a program to stimulate this medium; through Jan. 31. (Mondays and Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, except Dec. 26-27, from 10 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Approximately three hundred of the Society's original watercolor drawings of "The Birds of America" by, but of course, John James Audubon. No recorded birdsong accompaniment, to our regret. Through Tuesday, Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The John Quinn Memorial Collection, composed of correspondence with members of the Irish Literary Revival, the artists of the Paris School, and English and American writers whose work he advanced. Books, manuscripts (one being T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land"), and photographs are also to be seen. Through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 9 to 5.)...¶ Prints from the fifteenth century to the present, having in common the subject of urban life, by Canaletto, Hogarth, Reginald Marsh, Will Barnet, and others; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 10.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at

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For contrast with the candy canes of the season

Modern manual arts

Half a dozen "manual arts" teachers here and there have written in recent months to Earl Dudney requesting information on subjects like fluidized-bed coatings and rotational mouldings. They seem dedicated men trained to teach woodworking and auto repair and concerned about the economic timeliness of these traditional subjects in the manual arts curriculum. They may be misguided. Certainly many a householder would so consider them when faced with long waits and high prices to get a kitchen rebuilt or a mysterious knock in the transmission investigated.

Nevertheless Earl Dudney, a householder who occasionally faces such exasperations himself, is also a plastics industry marketing man. He therefore replies as helpfully as he possibly can to teachers who want to give to boys bound to earn a living with their hands some knowledge of the most up-to-date techniques in the up-to-date plastics industry. The boys should learn not only today's up-to-date techniques but also to keep themselves open for the day when these methods in turn will begin to show their age. That would be best for them and best for Mr. Dudney's business, which, specifically, is cellulosics and currently finds its largest single outlet in packaging for today's styles in merchandising.

Mr. Dudney's address is Eastman Chemical Products, Inc., Kingsport, Tenn. 37662.

We also employ a Mr. Bill Flack. For him counsel to industrial arts teachers is no extra labor of devotion; it's his whole job. His way of improving business is to go through the land upgrading the old school print shops into centers where young people can learn the many modern manual arts that enter into visual communications *while they learn also how these processes fit into the social structure.* Along with litho plates and process cameras, it is suggested that student attention be directed to the social consequences of technological change.

Educators are invited to write to Mr. William F. Flack at Department 942, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.

A little hope for the elms

A certain American elm we have long admired looked like this in early September. Come April, tender green shoots will clothe its elegant form. Come May, we fear, great masses of spores of the Dutch elm disease fungus will crowd into the small vessels within those shoots. They will probably cause the membranes of the host cells to swell so that the conducting tubes are blocked, nourishment is cut off, and the magnificent *Ulmus americana* is on its way to the hearth. Why *Ulmus americana* must die while lesser elms better resist *Ceratocystis ulmi*, René Pomerleau doesn't know.

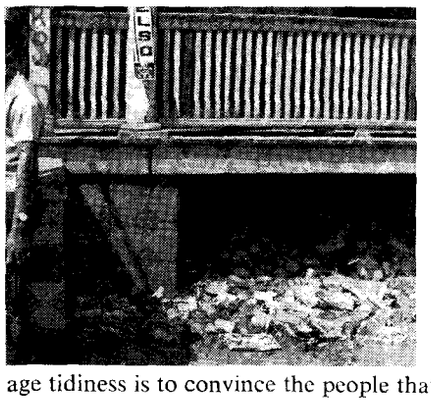
Dr. Pomerleau does have some facts from images like this on the same KODAK ROYAL BLUE X-ray Film that serves human health needs. In this case the radiation comes from *Ceratocystis ulmi* proliferating from an inoculation of radioactivity-tagged fungus which he has given saplings in the laboratory. New conclusions: 1) the fatal blow is delivered in the green shoots; 2) the fungal cells themselves, not a toxin, have to get there to do the damage; 3) they can move through the tree with amazing speed.

Pomerleau is a veteran plant pathologist in Canada's Department of Forestry. Some long-forgotten urgency of World War I calling for ingenuity in finding wood for crates and furniture brought *Ceratocystis ulmi* to North America, possibly on the bristles of elm-bark beetles. It now appears the fungus doesn't need the beetles for transportation as long as elm root systems can interlock.

It's a sad tale with no cheerful ending in sight. Perhaps our product will have played a small part in brightening the hope for a cure.

A little hope for the cities

In our own city we had to go less than a mile from our world headquarters to take this picture:



The people who threw those products of the packaging industry there didn't care. They can't think of it as their city. They have always thought of it as somebody else's city. They just live there.

Best way we can think of to encourage tidiness is to convince the people that the cities really are theirs. The admirable doctrine that the color of a man's skin is irrelevant to his place in society hasn't convinced them. Perhaps, then, it is not irrelevant. On that assumption, we see one way to help a little.

We note, for example, that Kodak cameras and films are selling like crazy in Harlem. In the nation as a whole, one out of nine hands thrusting a dollar toward a cash register is black. Yet not one out of 100 of the owners of those cash registers has hands of that color. Something out of balance there needs attention.

One role we have played for the past 75 years has been to counsel men on setting up independent businesses of their own as dealers in our products. Right now we are pushing that role hard in the centers of the cities. Maybe we can help convince more citizens that the cities belong to those who live in them.

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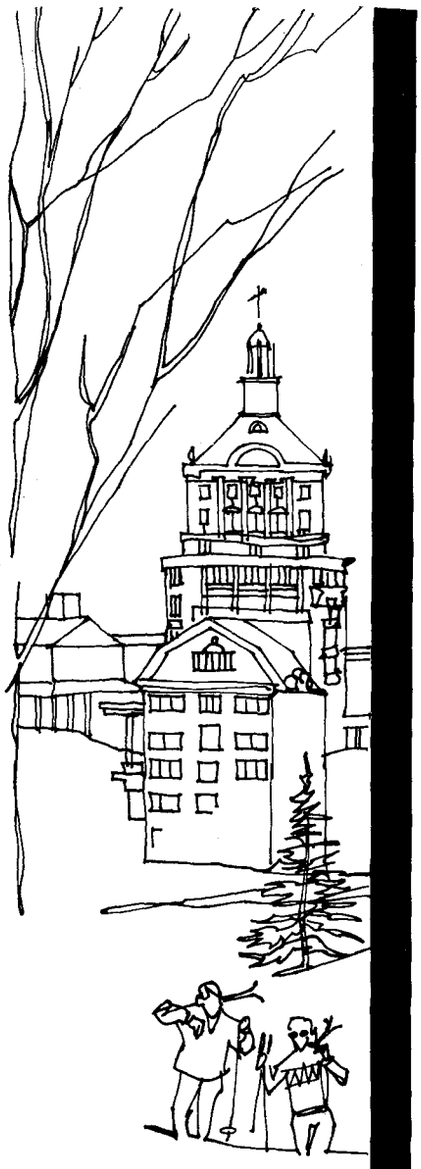

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

125th St.—An exhibition of works by "black artists of the thirties" protesting their lack of representation in the Whitney Museum's show entitled "The 1930's: Painting and Sculpture in America;" through Feb. 2. (Mondays and Wednesdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Dec. 26, at 8: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Mary Ellen Pracht, Frank Guarrera, and Richard Tucker. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 27, at 8: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Colette Boky, John Alexander, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 28, at 1: "Die Meistersinger," with Jean Fenn, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Giorgio Tozzi, Ezio Flagello, Karl Dönch, and Loren Driscoll. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 28, at 8: "La Bohème," with Milka Stojanovic, Clarice Carson, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Robert Goodloe. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 30, at 8: "Faust," with Pilar Lorengar, Marcia Baldwin, Nicolai Gedda, Ron Bottcher, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, George Shirley, Frank Guarrera, Fernando Corena, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 1, at 8: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Joy Clements, Luciano Pavarotti, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 2, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Jean Fenn, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, Karl Dönch, and Loren Driscoll. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 3, at 8: "Faust," with Pilar Lorengar, Marcia Baldwin, Nicolai Gedda, Ron Bottcher, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2: "Don Giovanni," with Martina Arroyo, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Peter Schreier, Ezio Flagello, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Joy Clements, John Alexander, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.

THE PLAY OF HEROD—The last in a series of performances of this twelfth-century musical drama presented by the New York Pro Musica. The cast includes singers, instrumentalists, and actors. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 139 W. 46th St. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 7 and 9:15. For information about tickets, which will not be on sale at the church, call 874-7713.)

CARMEN—Boris Goldovsky directing the Goldovsky Opera Theatre in a costumed and semi-staged performance of Bizet's opera, in English, with a chorus, an orchestra, the mezzo-soprano Nancy Williams, and other soloists. (*Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2:30.*)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Following a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts next week, with Carlo Maria Giulini conducting. (*Philharmonic Hall. Monday, Dec. 30, at 7:30,* with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 3, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 6, at 7:30, all with the Camerata Singers.)

HOLIDAY CONCERTS—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in two all-Bach programs, with Agnes Giebel, soprano; Ruth Laredo, Richard Goode, and Murray Perahia, piano; Paula Sylvester, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; and the conductor, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 27, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3.)

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing the last in a series of performances of Handel's "Messiah." (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 27, at 8.)

RECITALS

IGOR OISTRAKH—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 29, at 8:30.)

GARY GRAFFMAN—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

ARS NOVA, THE GOOD EARTH, AMERICAN BRASS QUINTET, NEW YORK ROCK AND ROLL ENSEMBLE, AND NEW YORK ELECTRIC STRING ENSEMBLE—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 26, and Monday, Dec. 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Sunday, Dec. 29, at 8 and 11:30.

BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND, CRAZY WORLD OF ARTHUR BROWN, SWEETWATER, AND SUPER SESSION—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, at 7:30 and 11:30.

NINA SIMONE—With others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 8 and at midnight.)

CHAMBERS BROTHERS AND MOTHER EARTH—Fillmore East. New Year's Eve at 8 and 11.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden Center—Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Detroit.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—American Football League championship game. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 29, at 1.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden Center—Thursday, Dec. 26, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Oakland. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 29, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 2, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Boston.

RACING—At Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 4.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8, from Friday, Jan. 3, through Tuesday, March 4.

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERTS—By the MASTER VIRTUOSI OF NEW YORK: Gene Forrell conducting. (*Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 11:30 and 2:30.*). . . LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting the opening children's concerts of the season, with the New York Percussion Trio. (*Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 11 and 3.*)

MAGICWORLD—Milbourne Christopher presenting a magic show and the Stockholm Theatre of Fantasy presenting "Hansel and Gretel," a puppet show. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 11:30 and 2:30; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 12:30 and 3:30; and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 30-31, at 11:30 and 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By BIL AND CORA BAIRD'S MARIONETTES: "The Wizard of Oz." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Thursday, Dec. 26, through Sunday, Jan. 5, at 1 and 3:30.). . . CHILDREN'S BALLET THEATRE: "Little Women." (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. MU 5-7754. Sunday, Dec. 29, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 4-5, at 2:30.). . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM: "The Little Juggler of Notre Dame." (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 3.). . . HUCKLEBERRY COMPANY: "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 1:30; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 1:30 and 3:30; and Sunday and Monday, Dec. 29-30, at 1:30.). . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Jack and the Beanstalk," Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . NEW THEATRE: "The Mad Show." (154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, at 12:30 and 3:30; Sunday, Dec. 29, at noon; Monday, Dec. 30, at 2 and 8:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 2.). . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Scraps," Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28. . . . ¶ "Baked Alaska," Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 29-31. . . . ¶ "Guffawhaw," Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 4-5. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Afternoons at 1:30 and 3:30.). . . PIXIE JUDY TROUPE: "Mother Goose on the Loose." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St.

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JU 2-4090. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 11 and 2; and Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2.)... SALZBURG MARIONETTE THEATRE: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Thursday through Monday, Dec. 26-30, at 11:30 and 2.)... SYROTIAK MARIONETTES: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)... TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "Greensleeves." Thursday, Dec. 26, at 1.... ¶ "Cinderella," Friday, Dec. 27, at 1.... ¶ "The Prince and the Pauper." Sunday, Dec. 29, at 1:30.... ¶ "Pinocchio," Monday, Dec. 30, at 1.... ¶ "Aladdin," Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is "Stars of Christmas Past." Starting Friday, Jan. 3, there will be a new show, "On the Edge of the Universe." (Special holiday schedule: Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Monday, Dec. 30, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; New Year's Day at 1, 2:30, and 4; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 2 and 3:30; and Saturday, Jan. 4, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"The Unsinkable Molly Brown," with Debbie Reynolds. A benefit performance. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Thursday, Dec. 26, at 10.)

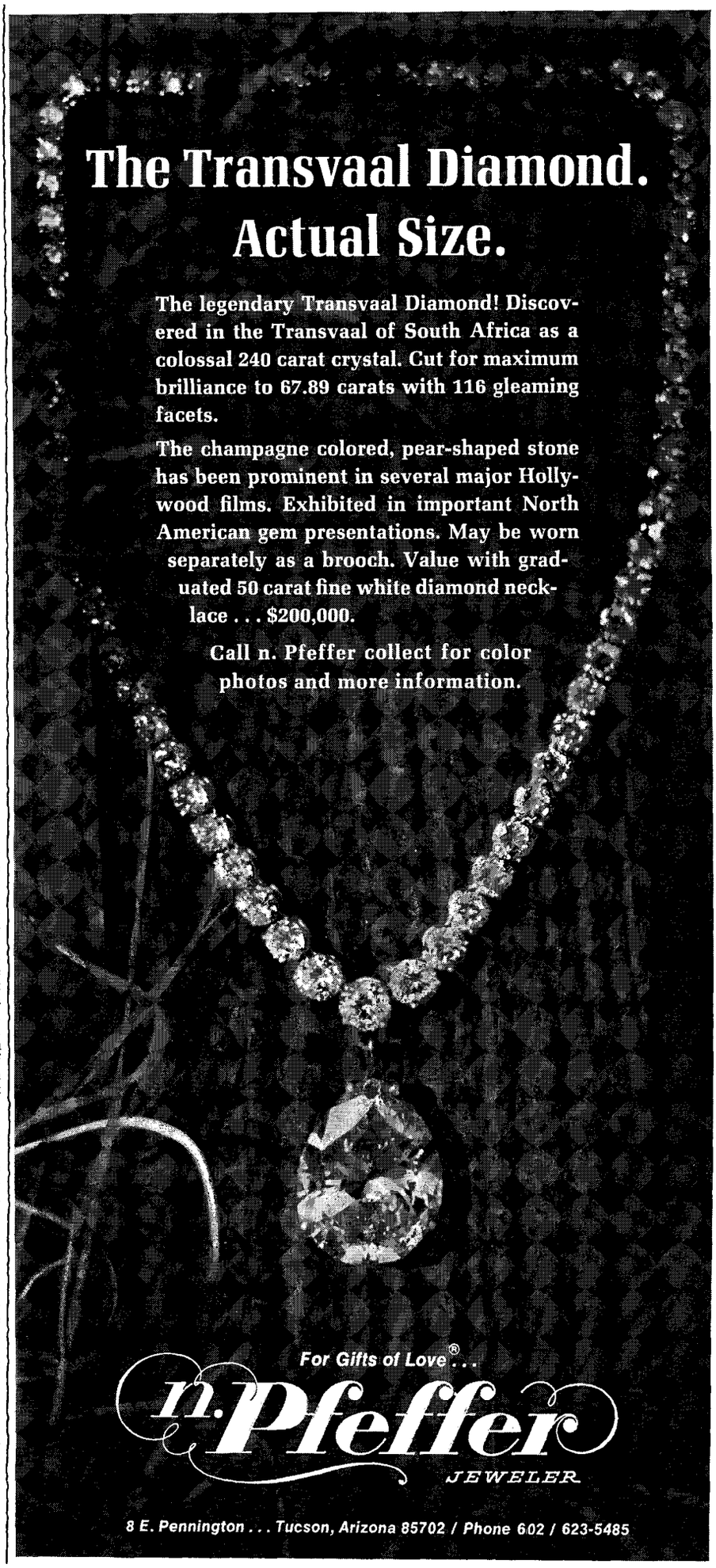
NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and New Year's Day from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no sessions on Thursday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily, except New Year's Day.

PENNEBAKER-GODARD—Three film premières: "Monterey Pop," filmed at the Monterey Pop Festival by Donn Pennebaker, Thursday, Dec. 26, at 8 and 10.... ¶ "One Movie Like Another" and "Two American Audiences," both directed by Jean-Luc Godard, Sunday, Dec. 29, at 8. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Dec. 26 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Reckless Moment" (1949), with James Mason and Joan Bennett.... ¶ Dec. 27 at 2 and 5:30: "China Venture" (1953), with Edmond O'Brien and Barry Sullivan.... ¶ Dec. 28 at 11:30: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933), with Mae West and Cary Grant.... ¶ Dec. 28 at 3 and 5:30: "From Here to Eternity" (1953), with Burt Lancaster and Montgomery Clift.... ¶ Dec. 29 at 2 and 5:30: "On the Waterfront" (1954), with Marlon Brando and Lee J. Cobb.... ¶ Dec. 30 at 2 and 5:30: "The Man from Laramie" (1955), with James Stewart and Arthur Kennedy.... ¶ Dec. 31 at 2: "Jubal" (1956), with Glenn Ford and Ernest Borgnine.... ¶ Jan. 1 at 3: "Intolerance" (1916), directed by D. W. Griffith. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)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"The individual who pollutes the air with his factory and the ghetto kid who breaks store windows both represent the same thing. They don't care about each other—or what they do to each other."

On this pessimistic note—that most of our urban problems are due to a complete breakdown in our "sense of community"—Daniel P. Moynihan brought to a close a recent Bell System TV Special entitled "Cities Have No Limits."

A TV Special which Dwight Newton of the San Francisco Examiner called, "...frankly, scary as hell!"

So where do we go from here? Is there no hope? Only frustration, half-measures and eventual chaos?

On December 30, the Bell System brings you the next segment of "White Paper: The Ordeal of the American City."

It starts where the first show left off: with a look at what modern, urban, technological America has done to the original city of colonial, rural, unsophisticated America—Boston.

But this time we will also take a look at some unique attempts at solutions—in Boston and other cities—and how their hopes for the future relate to all our cities.

It promises to be a worthy sequel to a TV special the *New York Times* acclaimed as, "...one of the new season's most thoughtful and constructive contributions...an appeal to reason while there is still time to reason."

Monday evening, December 30, on NBC-TV. Narrated by Frank McGee. In color.

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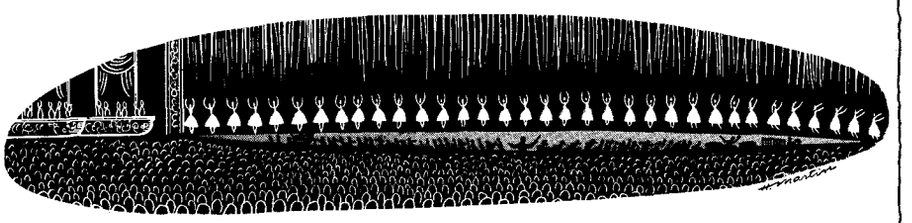
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



THE AFRICAN QUEEN (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Jan. 1.)

BELLE DE JOUR—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

CAMILLE (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 1.)

CASABLANCA (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 28-29.)

DINNER AT EIGHT (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Dec. 31.)

FACES—Sexual desire among middle-aged people who have nothing else to live for, acted out in a desperately naked realistic style. John Cassavetes, who directed this psychodrama about alienation and lechery in Southern California, has so strongly resisted the commercial possibilities in his theme that this movie is likely to be taken as seriously as he intended. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

FINIAN'S RAINBOW—A young director, Francis Ford Coppola, tries to bring life to a moldering Broadway operetta—a socially conscious fairy tale. With the help of Petula Clark and assists from Al Freeman, Jr., and Keenan Wynn, he almost succeeds. (Penthouse, B'way at 47th, 757-5450. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2:30 and 8; Monday, Dec. 30, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 2:30, 8:30, and midnight; and New Year's Day at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

FUNNY GIRL—The extraordinary performance of Barbra Streisand makes this one of the most enjoyable movie musicals in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday and Monday, Dec. 29-30, at 2:30 and 8:30; Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 2:30, 8, and midnight; and New Year's Day at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, 929-2166.)

THE GRADUATE—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050.)

GREETINGS—A pleasantly tawdry underground version of a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255.)

I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!—This careless, lightweight comedy about the square-hippie conflict in a Los Angeles lawyer (Peter Sellers) can be an agreeable surprise if one doesn't go expecting a good movie. With Joyce Van Patten, and some sharp lines by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Directed by Hy Averback. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

THE LION IN WINTER—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole is robust and in good voice. With Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 11, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2:30 and 8; Monday, Dec. 30, at 11, 2:30, and 8:30; Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 11, 2:30, 8:30, and midnight; and New Year's Day at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE MALTESE FALCON (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 28-29.)

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, and Ben Turpin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Jan. 1.)

OLIVER!—Carol Reed directed this beautifully made version of "Oliver Twist," and it's what big musicals are supposed to be and so rarely are. With a fine cast of singer-actors. (State 1, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 2:30 and 8:40; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 10:30, 2, and 8:40; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2, 5:30, and 8:40; Monday, Dec. 30, at 2:30 and 8:40; Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 2:30, 8:30, and midnight; and New Year's Day at 2:30 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

THE PETRIFIED FOREST (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 1.)

RED BEARD (1965)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

ROMEO AND JULIET—Zeffirelli's version is rather like "West Side Story" performed in a nineteenth-century Italian theatre: teen-age kids and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

SANJURO (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Dec. 31.)

SHAME—Ingmar Bergman's vision of what men do on their last days on earth. A simple, lucid masterpiece, with a great performance by Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 1.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later, in a universe billions of years old where time and space shrink beyond the imaginings of Einstein. Kubrick introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332.)

WEEKEND—Jean-Luc Godard's satire on modern depravity is a revolutionary, visionary poem of destruction. With Mireille Darc. In French. (Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325.)

WEST SIDE STORY (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 31.)

YELLOW SUBMARINE—A Pop Art animated feature with hippie heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) fighting the Blue Meanies with love and music. Good-natured, full of verbal-visual jokes, and surprisingly entertaining, though the love is less impressive than the music (ten songs by the Beatles). (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
WEEKEND (in French).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
WEST SIDE STORY.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Dec. 31: SANJURO (in Japanese); and "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; in Japanese), Eiji Okada.
From Jan. 1: "You Are What You Eat," a rock film; and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?" (1966), Tatsuya Mihashi.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Dr?? Coppelius!!," Walter Slezak.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
GREETINGS.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Fixer," Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Sergeant," Rod Steiger, John Phillip Law.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
SHAME (in Swedish).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Sea Gull," James Mason, Vanessa Redgrave.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Candy," Charles Aznavour, Marlon Brando.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Birthday Party," Robert Shaw.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Joanna," Genevieve Waite.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Up Tight," Raymond St. Jacques, Ruby Dee.

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29	30	31	1			

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Inga" (in Swedish).

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Horse in the Gray Flannel Suit," Dean Jones, Diane Baker.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Candy," Charles Aznavour, Marlon Brando.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Night They Raided Minsky's," Jason Robards, Britt Ekland.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Dec. 31: DINNER AT EIGHT; and "Anna Christie" (1930), Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford.
From Jan. 1: CAMILLE; and "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944), Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 31: "The Subject Was Roses," Patricia Neal, Jack Albertson.
From Jan. 1: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

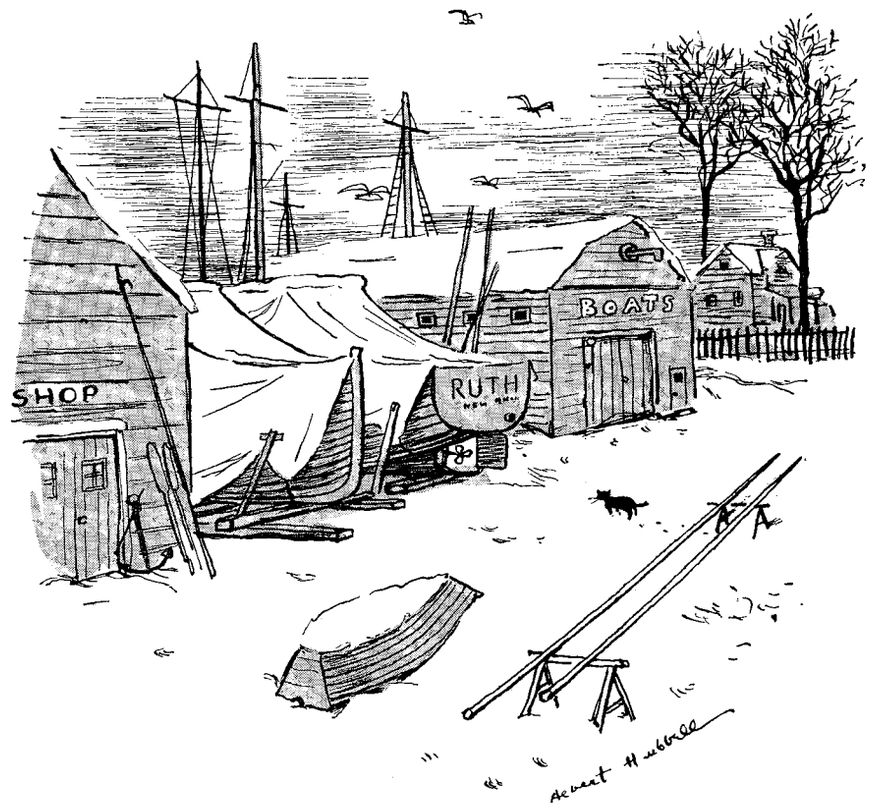
5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Here's Your Life" (in Swedish).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
GONE WITH THE WIND.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
THE GRADUATE.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.



STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes. (Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:15; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 1:30, 5, and 8:15; Monday, Dec. 30, at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:15; Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 10, 2, 8, and 11:30; and New Year's Day at 1:30, 5, and 8:15. Reserved seats only.)

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner. (Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 11, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 30-31, at 11, 2:30, and 8:30; and New Year's Day at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Ice Station Zebra," Rock Hudson, Ernest Borgnine. (Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 10:30, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Monday, Dec. 30, at 10:30, 2:30, and 8:30; Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 10:30, 2:30, 8:30, and 12:15; and New Year's Day at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

PENTHOUSE, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
FINIAN'S RAINBOW.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Star!," Julie Andrews. (Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday and Monday, Dec. 29-30, at 2:30 and 8:30; Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 2:30, 8, and midnight; and New Year's Day at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Doctor Dolittle" (1967), Rex Harrison, Samantha Eggar.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Impossible Years," David Niven, Lola Albright.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
RED BEARD (in Japanese).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Magus," Anthony Quinn, Michael Caine.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Horse in the Gray Flannel Suit," Dean Jones, Diane Baker.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FACES.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Jan. 1: THE AFRICAN QUEEN; and MILLION DOLLAR LEGS.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 31: WEST SIDE STORY.
From Jan. 1: "Camelot" (1967), Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Dec. 27: "The Roaring Twenties" (1939), James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart; and "Dark Passage" (1947), Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall.
Dec. 28-29: CASABLANCA; and THE MALTESE FALCON.
Dec. 30-31: "They Drive by Night" (1940), Ann Sheridan, George Raft; and "Passage to Marseille" (1944), Humphrey Bogart, Michèle Morgan.
From Jan. 1: TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE; and THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT is often more difficult to change adversaries than to change allies, and this is why nations are more likely to have traditional enemies than traditional friends. The investment in passion and energy which hostility demands is not easily liquidated. Yet those Americans who have labored for peace in Vietnam may soon find that their principal opponent is no longer the Vietcong or our own Administration but the regime in Saigon, which has hitherto been regarded as a compliant arm of American policy. Negotiations are most likely to succeed when the participants discover and exploit areas of common interest. It is clearly in Mr. Nixon's interest to end the war on almost any terms short of unilateral withdrawal, and the probability is that he can do much better than that. Although we can only guess at the intentions of Hanoi and the National Liberation Front, a detached view of their interest would call for a halt to an erosive stalemate under any terms that would leave the future of Vietnam open to the play of indigenous political forces. Certainly other responsible powers, including the Russians, must want to end a conflict that disrupts efforts to solve larger problems and that carries the risk of uncontrollable escalation. Only the regime in Saigon has more to gain by continuing the war than by ending it, and its conduct to date indicates a keen perception of that interest.

Pervading all analysis is the fact that the rulers in Saigon are not a government in the sense that they can be thought to represent the interests or the desires of the people of South Vietnam. They are a small group of military officers who were, in effect, installed by the United States in order to halt the continual political convulsions that were interfering with our military effort. Even in what seems to have been a rigged election, only a third of the votes were counted for General Thieu. The South Vietnamese peasantry and urban poor—nearly all the people—are virtually unrepresented by an executive and a Congress that are tied by privilege and profit to the large landowners and the wealthy of the cities. (During a talk with United States Senate investigators about the peasants' problems, a South Vietnamese official asked plaintively, "What about *our* problems?") There has been no serious social reform in South Vietnam, and the South Vietnamese military have been willing to go along with us in the ruthless displacement and destruction of South Vietnamese rural villages. Since most of the South Vietnamese leaders are from the North, it cannot be assumed that they bring a patriotic or nationalistic fervor to their cause. In fact, it may no longer be possible to have a real government in South Vietnam. There are, it is estimated, about two million refugees—as if twenty-six million Americans were homeless or were interned in special camps. The cement of South Vietnamese society has always been the ties of family and the desire to live in the place of one's ancestors, and both of these binding elements have been shattered by war. It is estimated that the civilian casualties, mostly women and children, have now risen to a rate of about three hundred thousand a year. (The American equivalent would be about four million killed or wounded.) A society of this kind is almost a myth—an imaginary land that, like some Atlantis, has disappeared beneath the seas of war. It is unlikely that any coherent and representative political structure can evolve under such circumstances. Yet the generals we raised up to rule this unhappy country are now about to share in negotiations to end the war that put them where they are. It takes little subtlety to see that a negotiated peace will damage their position.

Almost any reasonable settlement will deprive the generals of much, if not all, of their power. Unless the Vietcong are prepared to negotiate their own surrender, a minimum compromise will open the political process in South Vietnam to Communist participation, as well as participation by the non-Communist groups that are now kept out. Whether or not the Communists win elections or control a coalition, Generals Thieu and Ky can hardly hope to retain authority in any open political struggle in which military coercion is effectively barred. Yet that is the least the Communists can ask for. So we are, in essence, asking the Saigon leaders to negotiate their own abdication, and are thus demanding from them a detached nobility that has not previously characterized their acts.

Moreover, a settlement will demolish the large and pervasive structure of corruption and larceny that those in power have built with American money. The war is making them rich, and the longer it continues the richer they get. Individual stories abound. A certain general—a very close associate of General Ky's, who is now temporarily out of favor—runs one of the world's most expensive night clubs and has used American C-47s in trading gold for opium. Another general, lately exiled to Hong Kong for corruption, still rents hotels to the American military at exorbitant rates. But corruption extends to more than a few larcenous individuals. It pervades the entire structure of leadership. Offices at every level are bought and sold. It is estimated, for example, that a man can become a South Vietnamese Army corps commander for forty-two thousand dollars—although prices fluctuate rapidly. Sometimes a syndicate will buy an office for an individual in expectation of a handsome repayment. Ultimately, of course, all this money comes from the United States, since we are the only source of wealth in South Vietnam. It has been estimated by United States Senate observers that only fifty per cent of the goods and twenty-five per cent of the money that

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"Captain, here's that report on cooping you wanted."

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are intended for refugees ever reach them. The rest is stolen. Not only has such corruption eroded the fervor of our allies but it provides the beneficiaries with a handsome reason for continuing the present conflict. Expecting them to negotiate a settlement for the good of the people is a little like asking the Mafia to give up its gambling interests for moral reasons. Besides limiting outright corruption, any settlement will menace the privileges of the large landowners and the affluent of the cities, who are closely tied to the governing structure. They plainly cannot be sure that a new government would defend their perquisites with equal ferocity and devotion. In addition to these clashing interests, our negotiators in Paris will have to cope with General Ky's widely known dislike of Americans. Ky's principal publicist and close colleague, Mai Den, is the author of such gems as "All our troubles and disorders have as a cause the American meddling in the internal affairs of the state." (Which may be true, but not in the sense he means.) Mai Den has also referred to the American guardians of his country's liberty as "stinking, smelling, imperialist aggressors." Last week, Ky himself expressed a similar attitude—hardly an augury of close and friendly coöperation in Paris. The actions of the Saigon regime up to now have been consistent with a desire to impede settlement. Its members opposed the bombing halt and then held out as long as they dared against sending a delegation to Paris. Several hundred Americans have been killed while we tried to find a conference table shaped to Saigon's desire. It is painfully ironic that whatever slim hope President Johnson had of settling the war before his retirement was dashed by the men he had established and loyally defended.

Had we encouraged, or even permitted, the establishment of a South Vietnamese government willing to initiate its own discussions with the N.L.F., our task in Paris might be far less arduous. Some of our senators urged this course, and there was impressive non-Communist leadership in South Vietnam prepared to play a role in such a government. We rejected this approach in the interests of military efficiency, and we even helped to suppress a Buddhist insurgency in the spring of 1966. Having fostered the illusion that Generals Thieu and Ky are the legitimate agents of the self-determination for which we have conducted a major war, we are stuck with it. In foreign policy, an agreed-upon fiction is a political fact. Thus, almost any political settlement arrived at without Saigon's agreement will appear to be a "sellout," even if it is in fact in the interests of the South Vietnamese people. This leverage that Saigon can exert on our own politics constitutes the regime's bargaining power, since without our military support the entire leadership would soon be arriving in Paris on a permanent basis.

Certainly the United States does not intend to continue a major war to preserve the privileges and expand the wealth of a ruling group in Saigon. Perhaps the Saigon regime will see the inevitability of a settlement and coöperate. Yet we must continue to be aware that their interests are not ours, and that the intricacy of the problem allows infinite possibilities for obstruction and delay coupled with pious assertions of hope for peace. If these possibilities become a reality, the United States has several options. We can, as Senator Edward Kennedy has recommended, simply negotiate with Hanoi for a phased withdrawal of American and North Vietnamese troops, leaving Saigon and the N.L.F. to settle the issue in their own fashion. Or, if we determine on a settlement that seems reasonable, we can present it to Saigon on a take-it-or-leave-it basis, the alternative being a gradual withdrawal of the American commitment. This course may well be forced upon us as the negotiations reach a more substantive stage. Finally, we could probably supplant the present regime with a more representative government. This sounds drastic, but we might be forgiven one final intervention, for the sake of peace, after so many that were designed to strengthen our hand in conflict. In any event, it is clearly in the interests of the new Administration in Washington to work with opponents of the war—however unfamiliar such an alliance may be—in order to inform American public opinion of the true nature of the Saigon government, thus moderating the domestic political consequences of any clash between the United States and that regime.

Norman Thomas

IT was our good fortune as we boarded a train from Columbus, Ohio, to the East one Sunday afternoon some years back to recognize the

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tall, arthritically bent figure of Norman Thomas boarding the same train. His roomette was in the same car as ours, and since he evidently had no companion for the journey, we introduced ourself, mentioning friends that the two of us had in common, and, knowing him to be a lover of talk with practically anybody on any subject, proposed having dinner together. He agreed, and thus it came about that we had the privilege of spending an entire evening with this lifelong fighter for democracy and justice. A television discussion program had taken him to Columbus, and he seemed tired after making such a long trip from New York for a brief chance to expound his views on, we seem to remember, the general subject of the Cold War. But the audience had been made up of high-school students, and Mr. Thomas, already old at the time, said that he still accepted every invitation he could to talk with students. His eyes were failing him even then, and he strained eagerly to take in the flat farmland, dotted here and there with sudden stands of trees, that was disappearing in the dusk as we ate. There was talk of Ohio—Mr. Thomas's birthplace—and of the days when he was a student himself, at Princeton and the Union Theological Seminary. Like many superlative orators, Mr. Thomas spoke, whether to a large audience or just passing the time on a train, with an intensity that seemed to be struggling to break its way out past impediments. His voice would scrape over one word harshly, falter before another, speed up as if it were out of control, and then sometimes shoot out of the rapids and abruptly slow way down, around a deep, dark bend that even he, one felt, had not seen coming. The face was old, but the pleasure he took in saying, for example, that Eugene V. Debs was a great man, a truly great man, was younger than the high-school students had been for years. People back then used to shake their heads and say how amazing it was that Mr. Thomas was able to do all the things he did and care about all the things he cared about—by which they apparently meant that he possessed unusual vitality for a man of his age. But as we sat there with him that evening, being asked more questions than we had a chance to ask, talking less about the past than about the present and the future, we realized that he possessed unusual vitality for a man of any age, and that being old, though it was a nuisance, gave him more to be thinking and talking about and more to want to do. He spoke realistically but without apology about his opposition to America's entrance into both World Wars ("I guess it was inevitable that we'd get into the second one, but I still wonder about the first") and about his six Presidential campaigns. Failure of that sort, it was clear, had no power to dismay this immensely happy man. And if, when it was all added up, he had been less of a revolutionary than a kind of Socialist apostle to the middle class, it was still true that a number of revolutionary changes had taken place in his lifetime. Much of the program for social and economic reform that had been dismissed as wild-eyed Bolshevism when he first got up to preach about it was now the law of the land, and taken for granted. When it was time to turn in, we told Mr. Thomas that we thought it must give him a great deal of satisfaction to see that so much of what he had fought for had been won. His jaw slid sidewise in his characteristic grin. "Oh, I'm very respectable now," he said. Then he looked serious, and added, "But, you know, now that we've got it, what bothers me is that nobody seems to be getting any fun out of it."

"I think he's serious. He says every time we say goodbye a million violins begin to cry."

Kitchens

WE had a call recently from a very young friend who has taken a year's leave of absence from college to find some New Directions for Participatory Theatre, and who keeps us fitfully informed of his progress. He had called to say that he was on to something big in the way of Participatory Theatre—was, in fact, setting out in a *radically* New Direction—and he asked that we meet him in front of the Coliseum immediately. "Come with a completely open mind, and some money for tickets," he said. We agreed to go, and when we arrived at the Coliseum, we found him chatting amiably with a group of young people who were demonstrating rather listlessly in front of the building—in protest, apparently, against a National Career Exposition going on inside. Our friend soon joined us, and we asked if he thought of the demonstration as Participatory Theatre. "Demonstrations are almost a repertory thing by now," he answered, rather disdainfully, and he went on, indicating the demonstrators, "These people are quite sweet, and, of course, quite right to protest that awful career show, but *theatrically*, I'm afraid, they're nowhere." He added firmly, "*We* have come to see the kitchens, and to study the meaningful interaction of kitchen and kitchen observer."

Our friend now led us into the Coliseum, pointed out the little window where we could buy our ticket (and his), and guided us to the proper escalator, meanwhile explaining that the show he was taking us to was called "Kitchen Showcase '69" (it would have been better theatre, he said, to call it simply "Kitchens in '69"), and expressing great admiration for the people in charge of it (the American Institute of Kitchen Dealers). Then he talked quite a lot about the merging of theatre and folk ritual. He said that although the show, naturally, had no star—the mere word "star" implies an arti-

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ficial structure, which only stands in the way of real relating—he had met a young lady on a previous visit who seemed to serve as a catalyst. We would begin, he said, by visiting this young lady at her post at the AristO-Kraft Cabinet display. The lady our friend had described proved to be a lively and pretty girl with long, dark hair. She told us that her name was Linda McCourt and that she was an actress, only she hadn't acted much lately. Our friend asked her to tell us how people at the kitchen show reacted to her and to AristOKraft kitchen cabinets. "Well," she said, "they don't really pay much attention to me, but with the *cabinets* they go through this whole thing—they open them, and feel them, and pat them. I'm supposed to *tell* them about the cabinets, and get their names to send them information, but usually I don't, because they're so involved with the cabinets. It's really a completely nonverbal thing."

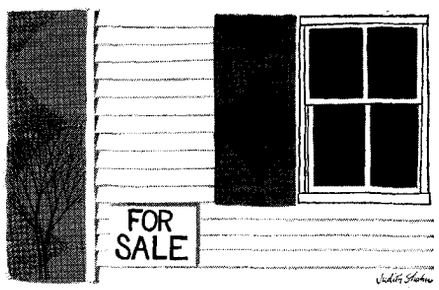
Our friend was pleased with all this, and told us it was Miss McCourt's analysis that had first made him aware of the importance of the kitchen show as Participatory Theatre. He then took us to meet another acquaintance—a man this time, at the Wood-Mode exhibit—who, he said, though more verbally oriented, was nevertheless beautifully involved with his cabinets. This acquaintance was named Larry Waimon, and he said that he regarded his cabinets as furniture. He also said that his cabinets were impervious to fire and heat (he held a match near a cabinet door for a few seconds to demonstrate), and, in addition, impervious to paint remover and nail-polish remover. He bet us that we couldn't dig a fingernail into the surface of his cabinets, and before we could reply, he showed us the futility of accepting the wager by attempting, unsuccessfully, to make a mark on one of them with one of his own fingernails. As we left, he said again that he regarded his cabinets as furniture.

Our friend said that Mr. Waimon had put on an impressive performance, which had successfully broken down the barriers between kitchen and kitchen observer, and then he urged us to note the open-ended, non-constraining layout of the show, with its dozens of little kitchens, each different in some way from the others, spread out in a pleasing, asymmetrical fashion across the floor.

We tried to do this, and then we set out on our own to see the ways in which people were interacting with kitchens. We stopped at the Zip-Snip display (Zip-Snip is the world's only fully automatic paper dispenser), and noticed that many people were interacting beautifully with the Zip-Snip, happily making it dispense not only paper but little sheets of plastic or of aluminum foil. At the Marvell Kitchen display, we met another man who was deeply committed to his cabinets and eager to break down the barrier between kitchen and observer. He showed us a "classic kitchen," which in fact looked like a movie set, and which included (over the sink) an elaborate pediment supported by Doric columns. This kitchen, he said, was called the Corinthian, and was regarded by the people at Marvell as a piece of furniture. The Formica display, our next stop, was suffused with a delicate blue light, and was elegant indeed. There was a wine rack in the Formica display, and, what is more, a bottle of wine—Meier's Ohio State Pink Champagne. Still, we felt we were losing the spirit of the thing, and went in search of our friend. He was talking with Miss McCourt again, while in the background a group of middle-aged ladies patted Miss McCourt's cabinets. "I turned down a job in Macy's demonstrating popcorn," Miss McCourt was saying. "This is a lot better than *that*."

Pioneers

THE Explorers Club threw a dinner in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf the other night to honor forty-nine of the important early figures in aviation who are still living, the occasion being the sixty-fifth anniversary of the Wright Brothers' first flight at Kitty Hawk, in December of 1903. In view of the freezing weather and the average age of the honored guests, nearly all of whom were born in the eighteen-eighties or nineties, we were pleasantly surprised to learn upon arriving at the Waldorf that forty-one of them had turned up for the big night. An hour before the dinner began, we found most of them in a Ballroom annex, clustered between a well-stocked bar and a biplane painted gray, green, and khaki. Beside the latter was a sign identifying it as a Nieuport-28 and explaining that it was in Nieuport-28s that members of America's air squadrons flew during their few months in combat in 1918. The upper wing of the tiny plane was only a few inches above the heads of many of the white-haired men standing near it. After a glance around the room, we decided that the survivors of aviation's hazardous pioneer days, which took the lives of so many hundreds of adventurous young men and women, were an unusually handsome and fit-looking company. They were all wearing evening clothes, which no doubt made them appear especially splendid. We noticed that when they weren't hallooing greetings across the room ("Bobby! Haven't seen you since 1933, right after Jimmy Wedell broke three hundred miles an hour!"), they spent most of their time fingering the pages of a small commemorative booklet that the Explorers Club had got up for the occasion. It was full of pictures of them taken a lifetime before, and often showing them wearing greasy overalls and goggles and looking raffish, and even seedy, as they stepped blithely into vehicles, advertised as airworthy, that appeared to be no more substantial than children's kites.



"Fliers used to be considered a pretty wild and disreputable crowd," we were told by Roscoe Turner, who had just been introduced to us as one of the most famous barnstormers and trophy racers of the twenties and thirties. "Of course, it didn't help any that I insisted on travelling with a lion in the copilot's seat. That's why I wore this silver brocade dinner jacket tonight. Blinding, isn't it? People have been thinking of me as a character for half a century, and even though we're all doddering, I try not to disappoint them. Carry on!" Dutifully moving along, we met, during the next quarter of an hour or so, Clarence Chamberlin, the first man to fly across the Atlantic Ocean with a passenger ("Things are pretty tame today. I like to remember the days when we used to climb out on a wing to take pictures while we steered the plane with one foot"); Bernt Balchen, the famous polar aviator ("I'm with General Dynamics now"); Major General Leigh Wade (retired), one of the Army fliers who first circumnavigated the globe by air, in 1924; and Harry Bruno, a tall, distinguished-looking man, who was introduced to us as the first flier to circumnavigate the Great Lakes. "You may

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smile," he told us, smiling, "but it took a hundred and two flying hours, and in 1921, I can tell you, that was considered quite a feat."

As we were about to take a closer look at the Nieuport-28, we found ourself being steered in the opposite direction by a small, attractive lady with bobbing platinum curls. "That's practically the latest model," she told us firmly. "Those Air Force people think aviation didn't start until the First World War. Nineteen-ten was the year I started flying. Come sit down on one of these silly little gold chairs and I'll tell you about it." When we were settled, she went on, "I'm Blanche Stuart Scott. All that is my own name. I get married from time to time, but I never change my name. I was the first American woman pilot. Some Frenchwoman called Baroness de Laroche flew a plane two weeks before I made my first solo flight, in September, 1910, at Hammondsport, New York. I don't know anything more about her, and I don't want to know anything more. I had just finished driving a car from New York to San Francisco—first woman to drive a car across the continent. I'd read about how eight husky men had suffered and anguished and nearly died of thirst in the desert on such a trip, so one day I just hopped in a 1910 Overland and crossed the country in it. Of course, the Overland people paid me well and had a press agent travelling ahead of me on the train, so I was pretty famous, I can tell you. Everybody told Glenn Curtiss—he was the first aviation tycoon—that he ought to teach me to fly as publicity for his planes. He took me up to Hammondsport, and in a few weeks I went on his exhibition team, stunting all over the country. America's Tomboy of the Air, they named me. I rode out front in the undertaker's chair, as I used to call it, wearing a nice little brown velvet helmet I'd had made. I wouldn't stand for those leather helmet things—terribly unbecoming. The next year, I was a test pilot for Glenn Martin on the West Coast. I'd known him before—called him Bugs Martin. I thought they were all crazy before I learned to fly myself. Come with me and meet my darling Chuck Yeager." She had suddenly waved a hand at a slight, smiling man across the room who looked a good deal younger than most of the assembled group. "They think Chuck isn't old enough to sit at the head table, but Chuck really *is* wild—all he did was break the sound barrier for the first time."

"Do me a favor. No more witty pajamas."

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Talking over her shoulder as we moved through the crowded room, Blanche Stuart Scott told us, "Never become a monument. Perfect strangers think they have a right to barge up and ask how old you are. It says in that booklet that I was born in 1889. That's at least three years too early. Another wrong that needs righting is that women haven't got enough credit for what they did in the early days of the industry. I mean the *real* pioneers." She maneuvered us deftly past Jacqueline Cochran, who was posing for an Associated Press photographer with Eddie Rickenbacker and Jimmy Doolittle. "Why, Katharine Wright taught school and worked her fingers to the bone helping those two brothers and their schemes. Not that they were throwing the cash around, you understand. They were money-mad, those Wright boys. Everybody knew that. Why, I remember a time . . ." But we had lost her in the crowd, which was beginning to move toward the main dining room.

At the dinner that followed, the main speaker was Senator Mike Monroney, of Oklahoma, chairman of the Aviation Subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Commerce, who pointed out that the length of the new Boeing 747 is nearly three times the length of the Wright Brothers' 1903 flight. A telegram from the White House was read offering congratulations to all involved in the occasion. ("Lyndon B. *who*?" asked a waggish octogenarian on our right.) Autographed copies were passed around of a book called "Famous First Flights That Changed History," by Lowell Thomas (the evening's toastmaster) and Lowell Thomas, Jr. Investigating the index during a lull, we discovered that the Wright Brothers' flight was mentioned on only two pages and flights made by the two Thomases were dealt with in depth on fifty-two.

On our way out of the ballroom, we ran into Blanche Stuart Scott again, in conversation with a public-relations man who was eager to write a true history of early aviation days. "But how can you possibly write a true history of those days?" she was saying to him, her curls bobbing emphatically. "You know what terrible liars we all are."

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THE HORSES

EVERY afternoon at the same time he talked to the horses. He would leave the house by the back door, with sugar cubes or cookies in his shirt pocket, and go across the yard toward the barn, moving as fast as his seventy-five years and his bad leg permitted him to move, in a halting lope whose actual speed was equal to a boy's trot, and as he went he muttered with impatience, cursing the pain caused by the gait, cursing the slowness of it, cursing chickens that crossed his path—"Damn you, get! By Christ, you were named perfect. *Chickens*. Ha!"—swinging his cane at them if they came too close and sending them off in squawking zigzags, and finally, never soon enough to suit him, he would arrive at the barbwire fence stretched between the barn and tool shed, where he took up his position close to the water tank, planted his cane, placed the weight of both hands on it, and raised his weathered face (the long broad jaw and flat cheeks grizzled with silver bristle) toward the sun, squinting against its light, gauging the time, and then turned his eyes, sea green and piercing, in the direction of the pasture. As usual, he was too early and the horses were not there. Damn.

He stared at the strip of pine, a dense stand of Minnesota jack pine that grew at the far end of the cattle lane, a hundred yards away, partitioning the pasture off from the barnyard, screening his vision. The horses would be in the pasture, grazing still. Ho. Those laggards. He checked the time again. The sky, he noticed, was bright blue, the blue of a blue bottle, and the angle of the sun made the patches of dried grass in the cattle lane look pink against the pines. Ah, God, there was a sight to make a man sit up straight. Nice. Nice.

He reached through the fence and poked his finger into the water of the tank, checking the temperature, and decided it wasn't cool enough—for cattle, maybe, but not for horses—so he switched on the pump and let it run until the tank overflowed; water spilling over its rolled brim in wavering streams and soaking the trampled ground around it. If he caught anybody else, his wife or his boy or a grandson, doing such a thing, he would have thought them mad or thrashed them. Calves, with their small hooves, could sink into the slush up to their knees and never be able to reach the water—to say nothing of the mess—but he knew the cattle didn't come up to drink until close to supper, he kept track of that, and with the sun so hot the ground would be dry by that time.

Enough water had spilled out; its temperature was perfect. He switched off the pump. Then he waited. He tongued down the bulge of tobacco in his jowl, compressed his lips, and spat in a long expert arc over the tank. He shifted his weight onto his good leg. Beads of sweat formed on his forehead and started running down the bridge of his nose. He pulled a blue bandanna out of his rear pocket, shook it open, checking to make sure it was clean, and then wiped his face and wiped the sweat off the crook of the cane. He had difficulty reaching behind, trying to stuff the bandanna into his back pocket, because of the brace. It bound him, steel and leather, around the waist, across the chest, and over the shoulders. A God damn harness. Worse. Apparatus. Like the crap women wore.

He tugged at it, trying to make it more comfortable, but it was no use; he needed help with the thing. Because of it, his life, the power and prime of his life, was brought to a dead end, and now he was no better than an animal in a cage. When he reached fifty, he told himself that from then on life would be easy, it would all be downhill, and he knew he could go for another fifty years without any trouble. And he'd made it through more than twenty, still in top shape, still in his prime, until the accident that put him in this. He felt sweat trickling from its bindings down his sides and hoped it rotted off. He'd rather go humpbacked.

You could blame it on the horses. Harlan, his boy, did. Since the accident, Harlan wouldn't go near the team and wouldn't use anything but the tractor to do field work. Even for the jobs where horses were handy—plowing the garden, mowing the yard, dragging logs, checking corn—Harlan never used the team; always the putt putt putt putt, rat-a-tat-tat of that damn tractor. He'd never thought it was the horses' fault, and he never could. If he were to blame anybody or anything, he'd blame God. "That's right," he said, turning his eyes up. "God."

Because He was the one who made beasts the way they were, gave them their instincts and desires and their individual character, and their fears and strangeness and beauty, too. And you could say He was the one who stirred up the weather that was the cause of the accident. It was in December. The loft of the barn was empty, the clover and silage gone, the cattle bawling, and the smell of a blizzard was in the air, so he hitched the

"You won't have a thing to worry about. We're only asking people who have already had their flu."

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"By the way, Mr. Stennis, I just wanted to say if you ever feel like goofing off sometime, I'll be glad to keep the old ball game going and fill in for you here."

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team to a hayrack mounted on sleigh runners, got Harlan, and drove through the snow to a field three miles back in the timber, where extra hay was stacked up from the summer before. Harlan threw down to him and he arranged on the rack. The load of hay grew until he was standing at Harlan's level, more than fifteen feet above ground. Then he saw the storm, the gray wall of it, moving toward them from the north, and he noticed that the horses smelled it and were getting nervous, especially the lead horse, the black stallion, Colonel, who had Arabian blood in him and was the more spirited of the two; Colonel was snapping the checkrein with his head, whinnying, his front shoulder muscles quivering with fright. If it was going to be a bad storm, they'd need all the hay they could haul in, so Harlan kept on pitching and he kept straightening and packing the load. An icy wind—the front edge of the storm—started blowing. He was at the rear of the rack. He told Harlan it was time to quit, planted his pitchfork, turned, and saw that Colonel, startled by something, was rearing. Then Colonel was off, jerking the rack, and he went backward through the air and hit the frozen ground headfirst. Five vertebrae crushed and his pelvis cracked. He was conscious long enough to hear it all go, like a pistol shot in the woods, and then there was blackness, oblivion, thank Christ. All he could remember about the trip home, which was dreamlike more than painful, was the snow on his eyelashes, a blue color in his brain, and the words he or a voice inside him was repeating to Harlan: "Don't tell Mother how it happened. Don't say a word. Don't tell . . ." Then the torment of the hospital, the pain, when he was stretched out in traction for days, then eighteen months in the plaster cast that encased him from hips to neck, making him feel like a turtle, when Harlan had to carry him from room to room and hold him above the bedpan like a baby. Jesus, the shame of it. And from that time on, every morning, he had to be strapped into this thing that sat beside his bed all night, this leather corset. By his wife.

There was a clouding of his mind, and he felt weak and faint. He rubbed cold water over his face and the back of his neck. He hadn't felt pain just now. The sun? He slapped some insects off the surface of the water. Maybe he should start wearing a hat, as his wife insisted. She even bought him one: a straw hat. Ha! He wouldn't be caught dead in it. Just because he was a farmer didn't mean he had to look like a cowboy or a hick. He began adjusting his arm garters, shifting the cane from one wrist to the other, pulling at the upper sleeves of his white pinstripe shirt so they ballooned out the way he liked. A straw hat! He had plenty of hair, a thick thatch of it, more hair than most young men, and it was protection enough against the sun; he'd always gone bareheaded, and he'd continue to do so. Just to show her what he thought of that hat, he set it on top of the brace one night. There's where it belonged. On that skeleton of a half man, not him.

He stopped adjusting his sleeves and lifted his head like a listening deer, conscious of a sound he felt more than heard. Their hooves. His heartbeat picked up. He moved closer to the fence and planted his feet, placing the cane between them, and fixed his eyes on a gap in the pines. In a few moments they emerged from that exact spot, the black stallion and the sorrel mare, his team, Colonel and Queenie, coming toward him at a trot, and no matter how many times he'd seen them appear in exactly the same way, it was always new for him, as a woman is always new, it was a gift he wasn't worthy of, and his emotion became so great all he could do was whisper curses of fondness and pride. He'd never had a team so perfectly matched for pulling, so hard-working and obedient yet so graceful and spirited, as this team was, and he knew he'd never have another.

"Hup! Hup! Hyup there!" he cried, and the stallion, so black that the highlights on his hide appeared purple in the sun, picked up his pace and began to prance with his forelegs, tossing his head, lashing the air with his black tail, and the mare moved next to him, taking up his pace, until they were running in tandem. "Hup!" he called again, and the stallion began to nip at the mare's ears and mane and the two of them broke into a gallop.

"Whoa!" he commanded as they drew near. "Whoa, now."

They came to a halt close to the tank, stomping, rolling their eyes, whinnying and breaking wind in their excitement, both of them nodding their long heads at him.

"Have your drink first," he said, pointing with his cane.

They walked to the tank. He moved

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closer and breathed their smell. For a while he was content to watch them, to look at their glossy coats he curried twice a week, their tight skin twitching to keep off flies; at their fine-boned narrow heads, nearly like those of race horses, their smooth-muscled necks curved down toward the tank, their noses; at their lips parting and lifting back from their teeth and clomping closed as they drank.

Then he touched them. He stroked the delicate bone above the mare's eye and straightened her forelock. He passed his hand down the straight ridge of the stallion's muzzle, ran his fingers along the back of the stallion's jaw, feeling his throat pulse as he drank, and then let his fingertips slip into the water, where he scratched the bristly bulge of the horse's lower lip.

And then he began to talk to them. He told them the market prices he'd heard on the noon farm report, the Dow-Jones averages for the day, all of the baseball scores, and the teams leading in each of the major leagues. He told them about the hat, and his wife's reaction when she saw it on the brace. "First she let out a yell, maybe because she thought I put the hat on and tried to get into this thing myself and sweated down to nothing. And then she wouldn't speak to me the rest of the day." He assured them once again, his voice turning serious, that he would soon be out of the brace, because his back was feeling stronger every day. He told them of the work being done: "If you've been bothered by that noise in the woods north of the pasture, don't be. That's just Harlan cutting up cordwood there. He got the cultivating done and he's moved on to this. It's hard to understand how he keeps ahead of everything all by himself on a place so big, but he does. I'm not much help, you know, and what I *can* give, advice, he doesn't take. Oh, yes, he can be headstrong and uppity, too, that's damn sure, eh, Colonel?" he asked, and took hold of the horse's ear, and the horse let out a long shuddering breath. "Remember the time he tried to ride you? I told him he'd never be able to, I warned him you wouldn't let him, but he said by God he bet he could. Well, he couldn't, could he, boy? Huh? No, he couldn't, and I don't think he's lived it down yet. Ha! What do you think, boy? Do you think he has? Queenie, what do you think?"

He talked to them as long as possible, telling them everything that came to mind, until they began to grow skittery and impatient. The moment he noticed this he stopped talking, and took the sugar from his shirt pocket and let them eat from his hand, their velvety noses brushing his palm, and then, today as every afternoon, before they wheeled away from him and returned to the pasture, he said to the horses, "It's not your fault. Don't ever think that. It's nobody's fault. Nobody's to blame for it."

—L. Woiwode

BAROMETERS

A straw in the wind is enough
To prophesy the gale,
Augur the pelting storm;
But for a reed more hollow,
Slenderer, more frail,
Pliant to bend—portend
The tornadic winds to follow
That you never foresaw—
Try a man of straw.

—Helen Bevington

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THE CAFETERIA

EVEN though I have reached the point where a great part of my earnings is given away in taxes, I still have the habit of eating in cafeterias when I am by myself. I like to take a tray with a tin knife, fork, spoon, and paper napkin and to choose at the counter the food I enjoy. Besides, I meet there the *landsleit* from Poland, as well as all kinds of literary beginners and readers who know Yiddish. The moment I sit down at a table, they come over. "Hello, Aaron!" they greet me, and we talk about Yiddish literature, the Holocaust, the state of Israel, and often about acquaintances who were eating rice pudding or stewed prunes the last time I was here and are already in their graves. Since I seldom read a paper, I learn this news only later. Each time, I am startled, but at my age one has to be ready for such tidings. The food sticks in the throat; we look at one another in confusion, and our eyes ask mutely, Whose turn is next? Soon we begin to chew again. I am often reminded of a scene in a film about Africa. A lion attacks a herd of zebras and kills one. The frightened zebras run for a while and then they stop and start to graze again. Do they have a choice?

I cannot spend too long with these Yiddishists, because I am always busy. I am writing a novel, a story, an article. I have to lecture today or tomorrow; my datebook is crowded with all kinds of appointments for weeks and months in advance. It can happen that an hour after I leave the cafeteria I am on a train to Chicago or flying to California. But meanwhile we converse in the mother language and I hear of intrigues and pettiness about which, from a moral point of view, it would be better not to be informed. Everyone tries in his own way with all his means to grab as many honors and as much love and prestige as he can. None of us learns from all these deaths. Old age does not cleanse us. We don't repent at the gate of Hell.

I have been moving around in this neighborhood for over thirty years—as long as I lived in Poland. I know each block, each house. There has been little building here on uptown Broadway in the last decades, and I have the illusion of having put down roots here. I have spoken in most of the synagogues. They know me in some of the stores and in the vegetarian restaurants. Women with whom I have had affairs live on the side streets. Even the pigeons know me; the moment I come out with a bag of feed, they begin to fly toward me from blocks away. It is an area that stretches from Ninety-sixth Street to Seventy-second Street and from Central Park to Riverside Drive. Almost every day on my walk after lunch, I pass the funeral parlor that waits for us and all our ambitions and illusions. Sometimes I imagine that the funeral parlor is also a kind of cafeteria where one gets a quick eulogy or *Kaddish* on the way to eternity.

The cafeteria people I meet are mostly men: old bachelors like myself, would-be writers, retired teachers, some with dubious doctorate titles, a rabbi without a congregation, a painter of Jewish themes, a few translators—all immigrants from Poland or Russia. I seldom know their names. One of them disappears and I think he is already in the next world; suddenly he reappears and he tells me that he has tried to settle in Tel Aviv or Los Angeles. Again he eats his rice pudding, sweetens his coffee with saccharin. He has a few more wrinkles, but he tells the same stories and makes the same gestures. It may happen that he takes a paper from his pocket and reads me a poem he has written.

IT was in the fifties that a woman appeared in the group who looked younger than the rest of us. She must have been in her early thirties; she was short, slim, with a girlish face, brown hair that she wore in a bun, a short nose, and dimples in her cheeks. Her eyes were hazel—actually, of an indefinite color. She dressed in a modest European way. She spoke Polish, Russian, and an idiomatic Yiddish. She always carried Yiddish newspapers and magazines. She had been in a prison camp in Russia and had spent some time in the camps in Germany before she obtained a visa for the United States. The men all hovered around her. They didn't let her pay the check. They gallantly brought her coffee and cheesecake. They listened to her talk and jokes. She had returned from the devastation still gay. She was introduced to me. Her name was Esther. I didn't know if she was unmarried, a widow, a divorcée. She told me she was working in a factory, where she sorted buttons. This fresh young woman did not fit into the group of elderly has-beens. It was also hard to understand why she couldn't find a better job than sorting buttons in New Jersey. But I didn't ask too many questions. She told me that she had read my writing while still in Poland, and later in the camps in Germany after the war. She said to me, "You are my writer."

The moment she uttered those words I imagined I was in love with her. We were sitting alone (the other man at our table had gone to make a telephone call), and I said, "For such words I must kiss you."

"Well, what are you waiting for?"

She gave me both a kiss and a bite.

I said, "You are a ball of fire."

"Yes, fire from Gehenna."

A few days later, she invited me to her home. She lived on a street between Broadway and Riverside Drive with her father, who had no legs and sat in a wheelchair. His legs had been frozen in Siberia. He had tried to run away from one of Stalin's slave camps in the winter of 1944. He looked like a strong man, had a head of thick white hair, a ruddy face, and eyes full of energy. He spoke in a swaggering fashion, with boyish boastfulness and a cheerful laugh. In an hour, he told me his story. He was born in White Russia but he had lived long years in Warsaw, Lodz, and Vilna. In the beginning of the thirties, he became a Communist and soon afterward a functionary in the Party. In 1939 he escaped to Russia with his daughter. His wife and the other children remained in Nazi-occupied Warsaw. In Russia, somebody denounced him as a Trotskyite and he was sent to mine gold in the north. The G.P.U. sent people there to die. Even the strongest could not survive the cold and hunger for more than a year. They were exiled without a sentence. They died together: Zionists, Bundists, members of the Polish Socialist Party, Ukrainian Nationalists, and just refugees, all caught because of the labor shortage. They often died of scurvy or beriberi. Boris Merkin, Esther's father, spoke about this as if it were a big joke. He called the Stalinists outcasts, bandits, sycophants. He assured me that had it not been for the United States Hitler would have overrun all of Russia. He told how prisoners tricked the guards to get an extra piece of bread or a double portion of watery soup, and what methods were used in picking lice.

Esther called out, "Father, enough!"

"What's the matter—am I lying?"

"One can have enough even of *kreplach*."

"Daughter, you did it yourself."

When Esther went to the kitchen to make tea, I learned from her father

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that she had had a husband in Russia—a Polish Jew who had volunteered in the Red Army and perished in the war. Here in New York she was courted by a refugee, a former smuggler in Germany who had opened a bookbinding factory and become rich. "Persuade her to marry him," Boris Merkin said to me. "It would be good for me, too."

"Maybe she doesn't love him."

"There is no such thing as love. Give me a cigarette. In the camp, people climbed on one another like worms."

I HAD invited Esther to supper, but she called to say she had the grippe and must remain in bed. Then in a few days' time a situation arose that made me leave for Israel. On the way back, I stopped over in London and Paris. I wanted to write to Esther, but I had lost her address. When I returned to New York, I tried to call her, but there was no telephone listing for Boris Merkin or Esther Merkin—father and daughter must have been boarders in somebody else's apartment. Weeks passed and she did not show up in the cafeteria. I asked the group about her; nobody knew where she was. "She has most probably married that bookbinder," I said to myself. One evening, I went to the cafeteria with the premonition that I would find Esther there. I saw a black wall and boarded windows—the cafeteria had burned. The old bachelors were no doubt meeting in another cafeteria, or an Automat. But where? To search is not in my nature. I had plenty of complications without Esther.

The summer passed; it was winter. Late one day, I walked by the cafeteria and again saw lights, a counter, guests. The owners had rebuilt. I entered, took a check, and saw Esther sitting alone at a table reading a Yiddish newspaper. She did not notice me, and I observed her for a while. She wore a man's fur fez and a jacket trimmed with a faded fur collar. She looked pale, as though recuperating from a sickness. Could that grippe have been the start of a serious illness? I went over to her table and asked, "What's new in buttons?"

She started and smiled. Then she called out, "Miracles do happen!"

"Where have you been?"

"Where did you disappear to?" she replied. "I thought you were still abroad."

"Where are our *cafeterianiks*?"

"They now go to the cafeteria on Fifty-seventh Street and Eighth Avenue. They only reopened this place yesterday."

"May I bring you a cup of coffee?"

"I drink too much coffee. All right."

I went to get her coffee and a large egg cookie. While I stood at the counter, I turned my head and looked at her. Esther had taken off her mannish fur hat and smoothed her hair. She folded the newspaper, which meant that she was ready to talk. She got up and tilted the other chair against the table as a sign that the seat was taken. When I sat down, Esther said, "You left without saying goodbye, and there I was about to knock at the pearly gates of Heaven."

"What happened?"

"Oh, the grippe became pneumonia. They gave me penicillin, and I am one of those who cannot take it. I got a rash all over my body. My father, too, is not well."

"What's the matter with your father?"

"High blood pressure. He had a kind of stroke and his mouth became all crooked."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Do you still work with buttons?"

"Yes, with buttons. At least I don't have to use my head, only my hands. I can think my own thoughts."

"What do you think about?"

"What not. The other workers are all Puerto Ricans. They rattle away in Spanish from morning to night."

"Who takes care of your father?"

"Who? Nobody. I come home in the evening to make supper. He has one desire—to marry me off for my own good and, perhaps, for his comfort, but I can't marry a man I don't love."

"What is love?"

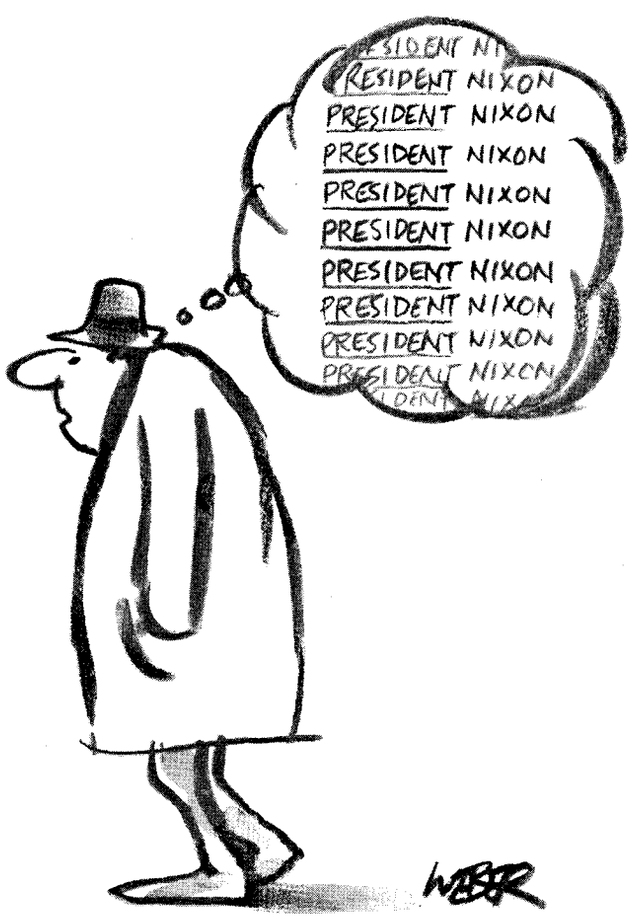
"You ask me! You write novels about it. But you're a man—I assume you really don't know what it is. A woman is a piece of merchandise to you. To me a man who talks nonsense or smiles like an idiot is repulsive. I would rather die than live with him. And a man who goes from one woman to another is not for me. I don't want to share with anybody."

"I'm afraid a time is coming when everybody will."

"That is not for me."

"What kind of person was your husband?"

"How did you know I had a husband? My father, I suppose. The minute I leave the room, he prattles. My husband believed in things and was ready to die for them. He was not exactly my type but I respected him and loved him, too. He wanted to die and he died like a hero. What else can I say?"



"And the others?"

"There were no others. Men were after me. The way people behaved in the war—you will never know. They lost all shame. On the bunks near me one time, a mother lay with one man and her daughter with another. People were like beasts—worse than beasts. In the middle of it all, I dreamed about love. Now I have even stopped dreaming. The men who come here are terrible bores. Most of them are half mad, too. One of them tried to read me a forty-page poem. I almost fainted."

"I wouldn't read you anything I'd written."

"I've been told how you behave—no!"

"No is no. Drink your coffee."

"You don't even try to persuade me. Most men around here plague you and you can't get rid of them. In

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Russia people suffered, but I have never met as many maniacs there as in New York City. The building where I live is a madhouse. My neighbors are lunatics. They accuse each other of all kinds of things. They sing, cry, break dishes. One of them jumped out of the window and killed herself. She was having an affair with a boy twenty years younger. In Russia the problem was to escape the lice; here you're surrounded by insanity."

We drank coffee and shared the egg cookie. Esther put down her cup. "I can't believe that I'm sitting with you at this table. I read all your articles under all your pen names. You tell so much about yourself I have the feeling I've known you for years. Still, you are a riddle to me."

"Men and women can never understand one another."

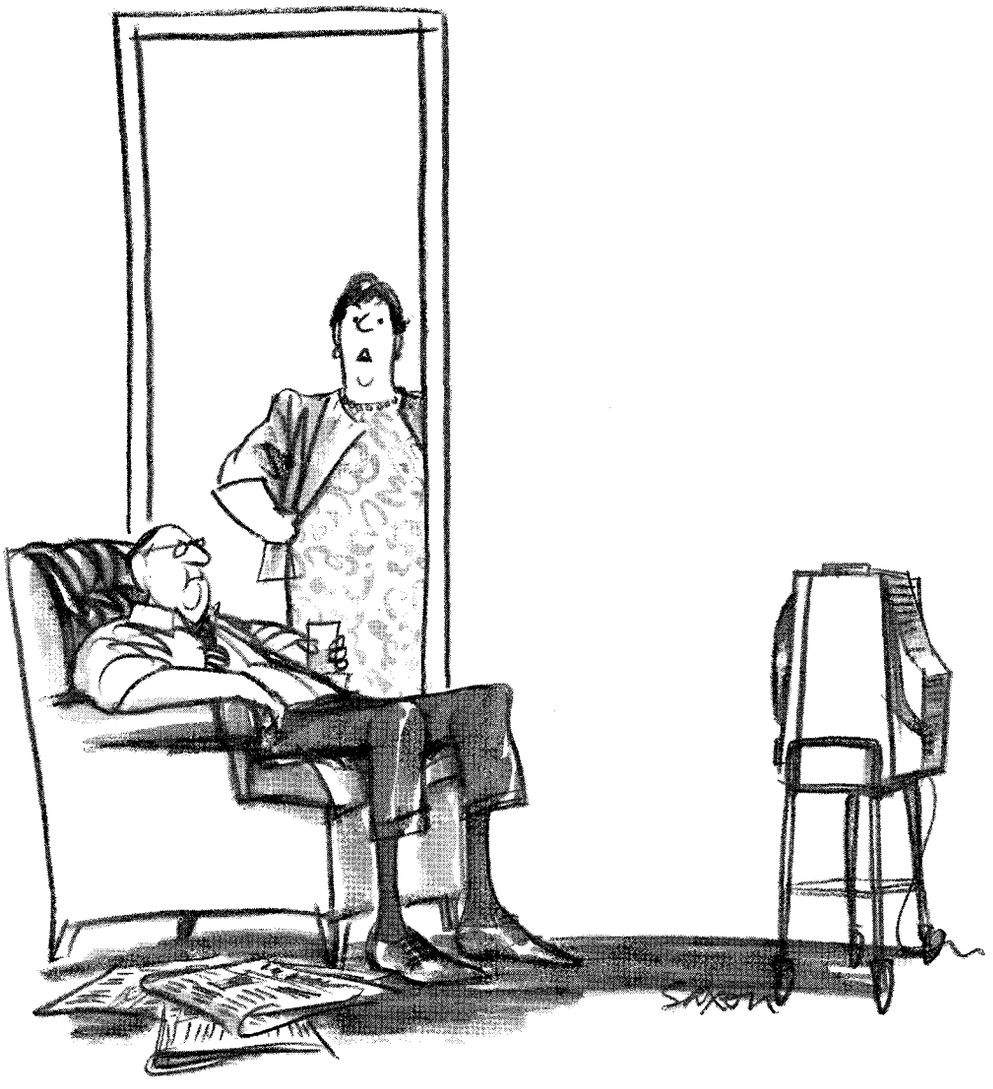
"No—I cannot understand my own father. Sometimes he is a complete stranger to me. He won't live long."

"Is he so sick?"

"It's everything together. He's lost the will to live. Why live without legs, without friends, without a family? They have all perished. He sits and reads the newspapers all day long. He acts as though he were interested in what's going on in the world. His ideals are gone, but he still hopes for a just revolution. How can a revolution help him? I myself never put my hopes in any movement or party. How can we hope when everything ends in death?"

"Hope in itself is a proof that there is no death."

"Yes, I know you often write about this. For me, death is the only comfort. What do the dead do? They continue to drink coffee and eat egg cookies? They still read newspapers? A life after death would be nothing but a joke."



"During his latter years, Mr. Hoyt spent most of his time watching television."

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SOME of the *cafeterianiks* came back to the rebuilt cafeteria. New people appeared—all of them Europeans. They launched into long discussions in Yiddish, Polish, Russian, even Hebrew. Some of those who came from Hungary mixed German, Hungarian, Yiddish-German—then all of a sudden they began to speak plain Galician Yiddish. They asked to have their coffee in glasses, and held lumps of sugar between their teeth when they drank. Many of them were my readers. They introduced themselves and reproached me for all kinds of literary errors: I contradicted myself, went too far in descriptions of sex, described Jews in such a way that anti-Semites could use it for propaganda. They told me their experiences in the ghettos, in the Nazi concentration camps, in Russia. They pointed out one another. "Do you see that fellow—in Russia he immediately became a Stalinist. He denounced his own friends. Here in America he has switched to anti-Bolshevism." The one who was spoken about seemed to sense that he was being maligned, because the moment my informant left he took his cup of coffee and his rice pudding, sat down at my table, and said, "Don't believe a word of what you are told. They invent all kinds of lies. What could you do in a country where the rope was always around your neck? You had to adjust yourself if you wanted to live and not perish somewhere in Kazakhstan. To get a bowl of soup or a place to stay you had to sell your soul."

There was a table with a group of refugees who ignored me. They were not interested in literature and journalism but strictly in business. In Germany they had been smugglers. They seemed to be doing some shady business here, too; they whispered to one another and winked, counted their money, wrote long lists of numbers. Somebody pointed out one of them. "He had a store in Auschwitz."

"What do you mean, a store?"

"God help us. He kept his merchandise in the straw where he slept—a rotten potato, sometimes a piece of soap, a tin spoon, a little fat. Still, he did business. Later, in Germany, he became such a big smuggler they once took forty thousand dollars away from him."

Sometimes months passed between my visits to the cafeteria. A year or two had gone by (perhaps three or four; I lost count), and Esther did not show up. I asked about her a few times. Someone said that she was going to the cafeteria on Forty-second Street; another had heard that she was married. I learned that some of the *cafeterianiks* had died. They were beginning to set-

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tle down in the United States, had remarried, opened businesses, workshops, even had children again. Then came cancer or a heart attack. The result of the Hitler and Stalin years, it was said.

One day, I entered the cafeteria and saw Esther. She was sitting alone at a table. It was the same Esther. She was even wearing the same fur hat, but a strand of gray hair fell over her forehead. How strange—the fur hat, too, seemed to have grayed. The other *cafeterianiks* did not appear to be interested in her anymore, or they did not know her. Her face told of the time that had passed. There were shadows under her eyes. Her gaze was no longer so clear. Around her mouth was an expression that could be called bitterness, disenchantment. I greeted her. She smiled, but her smile immediately faded away. I asked, "What happened to you?"

"Oh, I'm still alive."

"May I sit down?"

"Please—certainly."

"May I bring you a cup of coffee?"

"No. Well, if you insist."

I noticed that she was smoking, and also that she was reading not the newspaper to which I contribute but a competition paper. She had gone over to the enemy. I brought her coffee and for myself stewed prunes—a remedy for constipation. I sat down. "Where were you all this time? I have asked for you."

"Really? Thank you."

"What happened?"

"Nothing good." She looked at me. I knew that she saw in me what I saw in her: the slow wilting of the flesh. She said, "You have no hair but you are white."

For a while we were silent. Then I said, "Your father—" and as I said it I knew that her father was not alive.

Esther said, "He has been dead for almost two years."

"Do you still sort buttons?"

"No, I became an operator in a dress shop."

"What happened to you personally, may I ask?"

"Oh nothing—absolutely nothing. You will not believe it, but I was sitting here thinking about you. I have fallen into some kind of trap. I don't know what to call it. I thought perhaps you could advise me. Do you still have the patience to listen to the troubles of little people like me? No, I didn't mean to insult you. I even doubted you would remember me. To make it short, I work but work is growing more difficult for me. I suffer from arthritis. I feel as if my bones would crack. I wake up in the morning and can't sit up. One doctor tells me that it's a disc in my back, others try to cure my nerves. One took X-rays and says that I have a tumor. He wanted me to go to the hospital for a few weeks, but I'm in no hurry for an operation. Suddenly a little lawyer showed up. He is a refugee himself and is connected with the German government. You know they're now giving reparation money. It's true that I escaped to Russia, but I'm a victim of the Nazis just the same. Besides, they don't know my biography so exactly. I could get a pension plus a few thousand dollars, but my dislocated disc is no good for the purpose because I got it later—after the camps. This lawyer says my only chance is to convince them that I am ruined psychically. It's the bitter truth, but how can you prove it? The German doctors, the neurologists, the psychiatrists require proof. Everything has to be according to the textbooks—just so and no different. The lawyer wants me to play insane. Naturally, he gets twenty per cent of the reparation money—maybe more. Why he needs so much money I don't understand. He's already in his seventies, an old bachelor. He tried to make love to me and whatnot. He's half *meshuga* himself. But how can I play insane when actually I *am* insane? The whole thing revolts me and I'm afraid it will really drive me crazy. I hate swindle. But this shyster pursues me. I don't sleep. When the alarm rings in the morning, I wake up as shattered as I used to be in Russia when I had to walk to the forest and saw logs at four in the morning. Naturally, I take sleeping pills—if I didn't, I couldn't sleep at all. That is more or less the situation."

"Why don't you get married? You are still a good-looking woman."

"Well, the old question—there is nobody. It's too late. If you knew how I felt, you wouldn't ask such a question."

"In 1969, I shall eschew self-pity."

A FEW weeks passed. Snow had been falling. After the snow came rain, then frost. I stood at my window and looked out at Broadway. The passersby half walked, half slipped. Cars moved slowly. The sky above the roofs shone violet, without a moon, without stars, and even though it was eight o'clock in the evening the light and the emptiness reminded me of dawn. The stores were deserted. For a moment, I had the feeling I was in Warsaw. The telephone rang and I rushed to answer it as I did ten, twenty, thirty years ago—still expecting the good tidings that a telephone call was about to bring me. I said hello, but there was no answer and I was seized by the fear that some evil power was trying to keep back the good news at the last minute. Then I heard a stammer-

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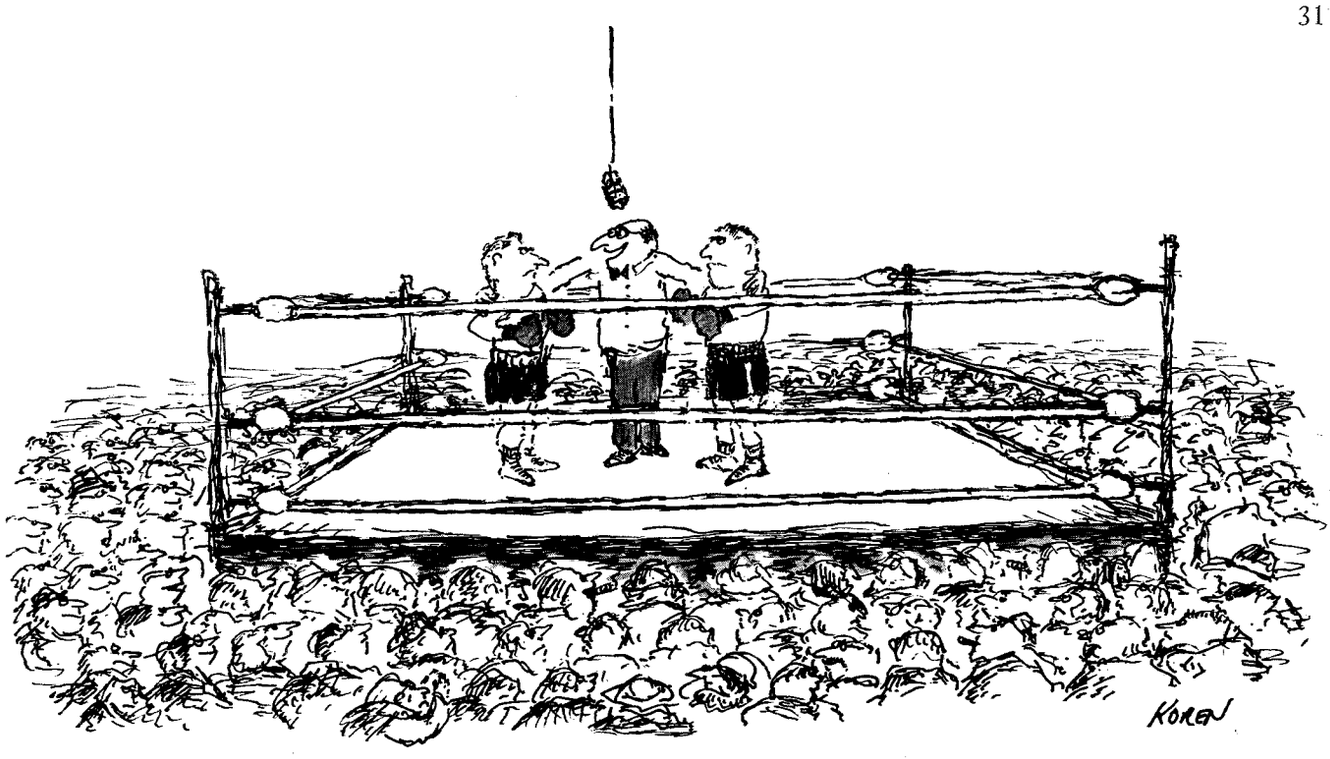

"We all realize that violence should never take the place of reasoned discussion in the settlement of most disputes."

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ing. A woman's voice muttered my name.

"Yes, it is I."

"Excuse me for disturbing you. My name is Esther. We met a few weeks ago in the cafeteria—"

"Esther!" I exclaimed.

"I don't know how I got the courage to phone you. I need to talk to you about something. Naturally, if you have the time and—please forgive my presumption."

"No presumption. Would you like to come to my apartment?"

"If I will not be interrupting. It's difficult to talk in the cafeteria. It's noisy and there are eavesdroppers. What I want to tell you is a secret I wouldn't trust to anyone else."

"Please, come up."

I gave Esther directions. Then I tried to make order in my apartment, but I soon realized this was impossible. Letters, manuscripts lay around on tables and chairs. In the corners books and magazines were piled high. I opened the closets and threw inside whatever was under my hand: jackets, pants, shirts, shoes, slippers. I picked up an envelope and saw to my amazement that it had never been opened. I tore it open and found a check. "What's the matter with me—have I lost my mind?" I said out loud. I tried to read the letter that came with the check, but I had misplaced my glasses; my fountain pen was gone, too. Well—and where were my keys? I heard a bell ring and I didn't know whether it was the door or the telephone. I opened the door and saw Esther. It must have been snowing again, because her hat and the shoulders of her coat were trimmed with white. I asked her in, and my neighbor, the divorcée, who spied on me openly with no shame—and, God knows, with no sense of purpose—opened her door and stared at my new guest.

Esther removed her boots and I took her coat and put it on the case of the Encyclopædia Britannica. I shoved a few manuscripts off the sofa so she could sit down. I said, "In my house there is sheer chaos."

"It doesn't matter."

I sat in an armchair strewn with socks and handkerchiefs. For a while we spoke about the weather, about the danger of being out in New York at night—even early in the evening. Then Esther said, "Do you remember the time I spoke to you about my lawyer—that I had to go to a psychiatrist because of the reparation money?"

"Yes, I remember."

"I didn't tell you everything. It was too wild. It still seems unbelievable, even to me. Don't interrupt me, I implore you. I'm not completely healthy—I may even say that I'm sick—but I know the difference between fact and illusion. I haven't slept for nights, and I kept wondering whether I should call you or not. I decided not to—but this evening it occurred to me that if I couldn't trust you with a thing like this then there is no one I could talk to. I read you and I know that you have a sense of the great mysteries—" Esther said all this stammering and with pauses. For a moment her eyes smiled, and then they became deeply sad and wavering.

I said, "You can tell me everything."

"I am afraid that you'll think me insane."

"I swear I will not."

Esther bit her lower lip. "I want you to know that I saw Hitler," she said.

Even though I was prepared for something unusual, my throat constricted. "When—where?"

"You see, you are frightened already. It happened three years ago—almost four. I saw him here on Broadway."

"On the street?"

"In the cafeteria."

I tried to swallow the lump in my throat. "Most probably someone resembling him," I said finally.

"I knew you would say that. But remember, you've promised to listen. You recall the fire in the cafeteria?"

"Yes, certainly."

"The fire has to do with it. Since you don't believe me anyhow, why draw it out? It happened this way. That night I didn't sleep. Usually when I can't sleep, I get up and make tea, or I try to read a book, but this time some power commanded me to get dressed and go out. I can't explain to you how I dared walk on Broadway at that late hour. It must have been

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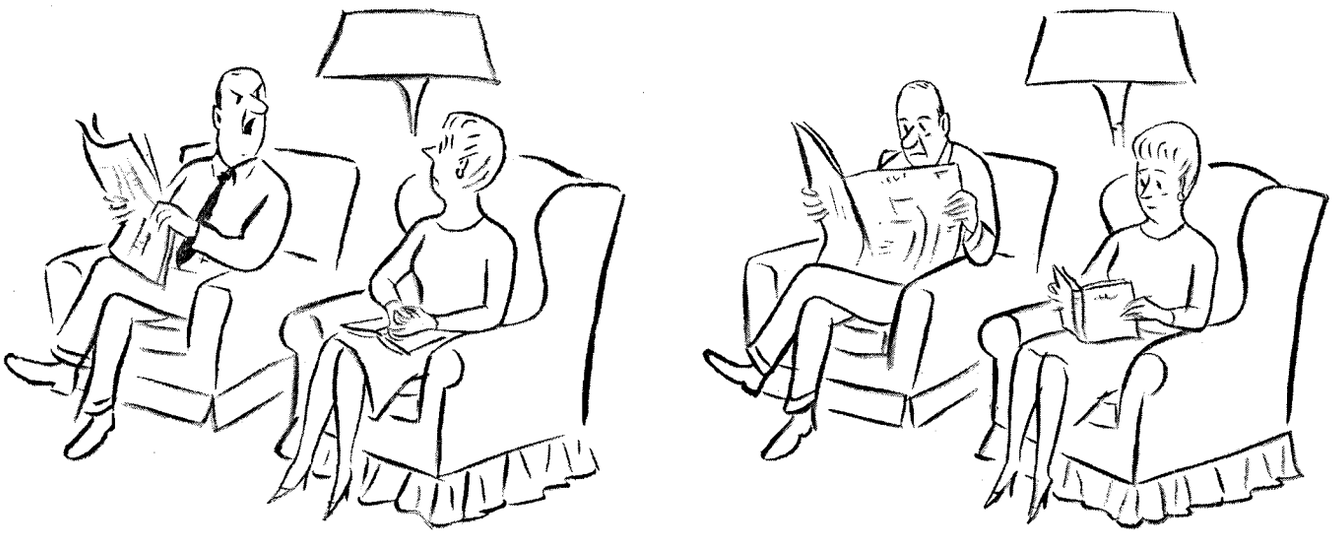

"O.K., so we're living beyond our income. Well, I, for one, refuse to worry about it."

• •

two or three o'clock. I reached the cafeteria, thinking perhaps it stays open all night. I tried to look in, but the large window was covered by a curtain. There was a pale glow inside. I tried the revolving door and it turned. I went in and saw a scene I will not forget to the last day of my life. The tables were shoved together and around them sat men in white robes, like doctors or orderlies, all with swastikas on their sleeves. At the head sat Hitler. I beg you to hear me out—even a deranged person sometimes deserves to be listened to. They all spoke German. They didn't see me. They were busy with the Führer. It grew quiet and he started to talk. That abominable voice—I heard it many times on the radio. I didn't make out exactly what he said. I was too terrified to take it in. Suddenly one of his henchmen looked back at me and jumped up from his chair. How I came out alive I will never know. I ran with all my strength, and I was trembling all over. When I got home, I said to myself, 'Esther, you are not right in the head.' I still don't know how I lived through that night. The next morning, I didn't go straight to work but walked to the cafeteria to see if it was really there. Such an experience makes a person doubt his own senses. When I arrived, I found the place had burned down. When I saw this, I knew it had to do with what I had seen. Those who were there wanted all traces erased. These are the plain facts. I have no reason to fabricate such queer things."

We were both silent. Then I said, "You had a vision."

"What do you mean, a vision?"

"The past is not lost. An image from years ago remained present somewhere in the fourth dimension and it reached you just at that moment."

"As far as I know, Hitler never wore a long white robe."

"Perhaps he did."

"Why did the cafeteria burn down just that night?" Esther asked.

"It could be that the fire evoked the vision."

"There was no fire then. Somehow I foresaw that you would give me this kind of explanation. If this was a vision, my sitting here with you is also a vision."

"It couldn't have been anything else. Even if Hitler is living and is hiding out in the United States, he is not likely to meet his cronies at a cafeteria on Broadway. Besides, the cafeteria belongs to a Jew."

"I saw him as I am seeing you now."

"You had a glimpse back in time."

"Well, let it be so. But since then I have had no rest. I keep thinking about it. If I am destined to lose my mind, this will drive me to it."

The telephone rang and I jumped up with a start. It was a wrong number. I sat down again. "What about the psychiatrist your lawyer sent you to? Tell it to him and you'll get full compensation."

Esther looked at me sidewise and unfriendly. "I know what you mean. I haven't fallen that low yet."

I WAS afraid that Esther would continue to call me. I even planned to change my telephone number. But weeks and months passed and I never heard from her or saw her. I didn't go to the cafeteria. But I often thought about her. How can the brain produce such nightmares? What goes on in that little marrow behind the skull? And what guarantee do I have that the same sort of thing will not happen to me? And how do we know that the human species will not end like this? I have played with the idea that all of humanity suffers from schizophrenia. Along with the atom, the personality of *Homo sapiens* has been splitting. When it comes to technology, the brain still functions, but in everything else degeneration has begun. They are all insane: the Communists, the Fascists, the preachers of democracy, the writers, the painters, the clergy, the atheists. Soon technology, too, will disintegrate. Buildings will collapse, power plants will stop generating electricity. Generals will drop atomic bombs on their own populations. Mad revolutionaries will run in the streets, crying fantastic slogans. I have often thought that it would begin in New York. This metropolis has all the symptoms of a mind gone berserk.

But since insanity has not yet taken over altogether, one has to act as though there were still order—according to Vaihinger's principle of "as if." I continued with my scribbling. I delivered manuscripts to the publisher. I lectured. Four times a year, I sent checks to the federal government, the state. What was left after my expenses I put in the savings bank. A teller entered some numbers in my bankbook and this meant that I was provided for. Somebody printed a few lines in a magazine or newspaper, and this signified that my value as a writer had gone up. I saw with amazement that all my efforts turned into paper. My apartment was one big wastepaper bas-

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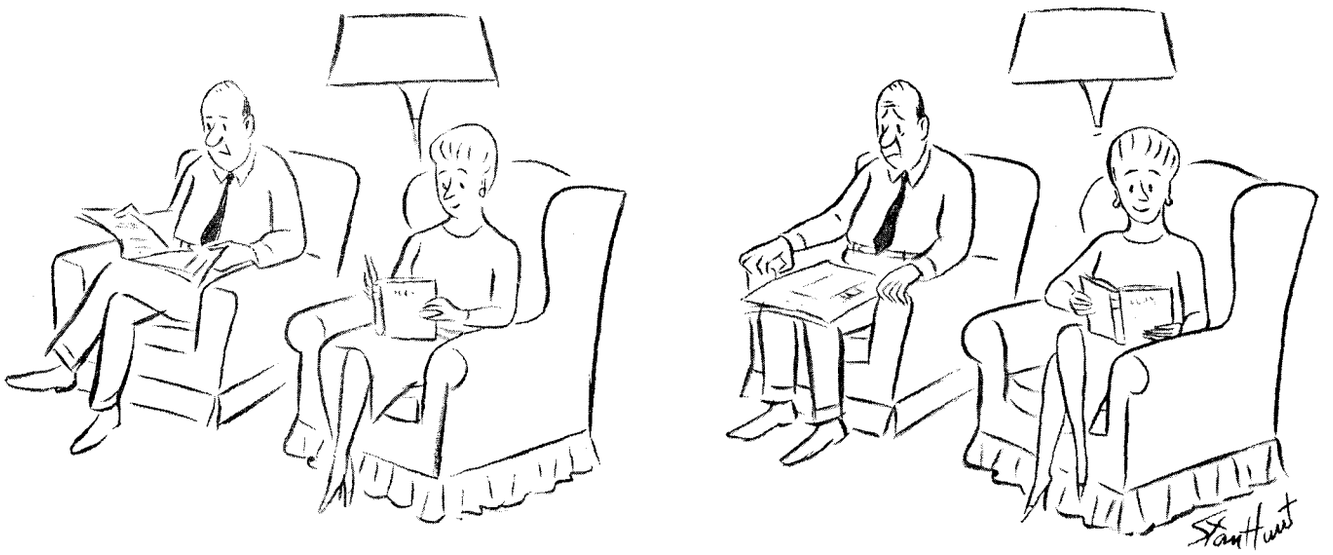

ket. From day to day, all this paper was getting drier and more parched. I woke up at night fearful that it would ignite. There was not an hour when I did not hear the sirens of fire engines.

A year after I had last seen Esther, I was going to Toronto to read a paper about Yiddish in the second half of the nineteenth century. I put a few shirts in my valise as well as papers of all kinds, among them one that made me a citizen of the United States. I had enough paper money in my pocket to pay for a taxi to Grand Central. But the taxis seemed to be taken. Those that were not refused to stop. Didn't the drivers see me? Had I suddenly become one of those who see and are not seen? I decided to take the subway. On my way, I saw Esther. She was not alone but with someone I had known years ago, soon after I arrived in the United States. He was a frequenter of a cafeteria on East Broadway. He used to sit at a table, express opinions, criticize, grumble. He was a small man, with sunken cheeks the color of brick, and bulging eyes. He was angry at the new writers. He belittled the old ones. He rolled his own cigarettes and dropped ashes into the plates from which we ate. Almost two decades had passed since I had last seen him. Suddenly he appears with Esther. He was even holding her arm. I had never seen Esther look so well. She was wearing a new coat, a new hat. She smiled at me and nodded. I wanted to stop her, but my watch showed that it was late. I barely managed to catch the train. In my bedroom, the bed was already made. I undressed and went to sleep.

In the middle of the night, I awoke. My car was being switched, and I almost fell out of bed. I could not sleep anymore and I tried to remember the name of the little man I had seen with Esther. But I was unable to. The thing I did remember was that even thirty years ago he had been far from young. He had come to the United States in 1905 after the revolution in Russia. In Europe, he had a reputation as a speaker and public figure. How old must he be now? According to my calculations, he had to be in the late eighties—perhaps even ninety. Is it possible that Esther could be intimate with such an old man? But this evening he had not looked old. The longer I brooded about it in the darkness the stranger the encounter seemed to me. I even imagined that I had read somewhere in a newspaper that he had died. Do corpses walk around on Broadway? This would mean that Esther, too, was not living. I raised the window shade and sat up and looked out into the night—black, impenetrable, without a moon. A few stars ran along with the train for a while and then they disappeared. A lighted factory emerged; I saw machines but no operators. Then it was swallowed in the darkness and another group of stars began to follow the train. I felt confused and shaken. I was turning with the earth on its axis. I was circling with it around the sun and moving in the direction of a constellation whose name I had forgotten. Is there no death? Or is there no life?

I thought about what Esther had told me of seeing Hitler in the cafeteria. It had seemed utter nonsense, but now I began to reappraise the idea. If time and space are nothing more than forms of perception, as Kant argues, and quality, quantity, causality are only categories of thinking, why shouldn't Hitler confer with his Nazis in a cafeteria on Broadway? Esther didn't sound insane. She had seen a piece of reality that the heavenly censorship prohibits as a rule. She had caught a glimpse behind the curtain of the phenomena. I regretted that I had not asked for more details.

In Toronto, I had little time to ponder these matters, but when I returned to New York I went to the cafeteria for some private investigation. I met only one man I knew: a rabbi who had become an agnostic and given up his job. I asked him about Esther. He said, "The pretty little woman who used to come here?"

"Yes."

"I heard that she committed suicide."

"When—how?"

"I don't know. Perhaps we are not speaking about the same person."

No matter how many questions I asked and how much I described Esther, everything remained vague. Some young woman who used to come here had turned on the gas and made an end of herself—that was all the ex-rabbi could tell me.

I decided not to rest until I knew for certain what had happened to Esther and also to that half writer, half politician I remembered from East Broadway. But I grew busier from day to day. The cafeteria closed. The neighborhood changed. Years have passed and I have never seen Esther again. Yes, corpses do walk on Broadway. But why did Esther choose that particular corpse? She could have got a better bargain even in this world.

—Isaac Bashevis Singer

(Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Dorothea Straus)

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Hartford Courant*]

Miami—Joe Cash once had 126 feet.

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NEW YEAR'S, 1948

(Boston: Washington and Dover Streets)

ELEVEN

"I'm looking over a four-leaf clover
That I overlooked before," reiterates
The jukebox in the bar downstairs, which baits
Ladies with "Ladies Invited," but attracts
Thin seers nighted by their cataracts,
Snow-shovellers between white-collar jobs,
Purple-nosed punchers with ring-bounded brains,
And connoisseurs of California wines.
Up here we hear each clover leaflet fall
Between bouts with the El, whose braking wheels
Loose bob and treble bob and grandsire peals
In honor of the infant year, which springs
Out of this artless gallery of things
That we walk in, inspect, join, grasp, and leave,
Like the old year, with mourning on our sleeve.

TWELVE

For auld lang syne we take a tot of rum
And drain it toasting our hosts, Blanche and Slim,
And all our progeny, the days ahead,
Which, born in ice, swell into summer's bed
And dwindle into fall and ice again.
We toast discontinuity of pain;
The likelihood of trials recessed; the sense
Of living lightly in the present tense;
The touch of girls; the trenchant teeth of pens
Set loose on paper; the steep sum of men's
Expectance. With one toy hand, tiny Slim
Encinctures Blanche's high, wide, handsome bum;
With the unknowing other, he unveils
Arcana of the axillary tail
Of his erst mistress, Ardra Pease, and calls
For one more bumper to salute the wails
For a year dead and from a one newborn,
Whose daybooks our rude doings will adorn.

ONE

Beneath the aiguillettes and *fourragères*
Of the tall, leaning, browning Christmas tree
Sits a skin-covered birthday gift for me:
Bright Sally Sayward, once and again to be,
Perhaps, my stringent bedfellow, but now,
In intermission, the beloved of
The base recorder-maker, Jason Love,
Who flirts across the fogbound room with Nan
Milton, the playwright and remittance man,
The double agent whose much misprized name—
Hernando, actually—brought him Fame
In drag on his arm at the Beaux-Arts Ball.
A noise of voices through the thin-skinned wall
Reminds us that the Linds are also here:
The zeta-shaped Greek scholar in a vest,
His woolly wife, who would have won the West
One-handed, and her feminine friend, Tink,
Who now grows tipsy on a tiny drink
Of Mr. Boston gin and speaks in low
New Orleans tones, though she was born in Stowe.

TWO

"Well, happy birthday," Sally Sayward says,
Enduing me invisibly with bays,
Each leaf to mark a year. "Now, go away,"
She tells me; twenty, but near-man, I stay
To press my case with passive rhetoric
Where deeds are needed. Nonetheless, her quick
Rejection is retracted. By degrees,
I talk my way down to my bony knees
And kneel and squat and sit beside her, where
My drinkless hand can infiltrate her hair
And fathom her resistance. Soon her square
Mouth may traverse to meet my mouth, and then,
Our crossed stars nodding, we'll be off again.

THREE

Drink drives my doze as, bedded, I embrace
An overcoat called Sally, and awake
With a harsh cry of fraud. She's gone. I rise
And steer, dead-reckoned, by the beam of noise
That issues from next door. But she's not there—
In the loud night, out of my borrowed bed,
Sally, my quarry, with her Love has fled,
And left me odd among these couples who
Now settle down till morning in the blue
Shadows and crannies of each other, while
I hunt the yellow bathroom down the hall.
Wind shakes that jaundiced box like dice: the glass
Skylight screams, hums, and hisses in the first
Blast of the first squall of the baby year;
The bare bulb curvets on its furry chain;
Chill takes my ruddy knees; a dust sifts down,
Which turns out to be snow; I stand and head
Back to my horizontal-cloakroom bed.

FOUR

I'm taking Sally Sayward out to lunch.
Inside the Union—say, this place has changed
Since I last ate here; look at all those wild
Magenta murals on the walls—all eyes
Lock onto us, the hunter and his prey
Brought back alive, if only for a day,
A date, a lunch, a showing-up of all
The bucks and stags stuffed in that musty hall.
We march abreast, my hand dressed on her arm,
My eyes right on her onionskin disdain,
Toward the serving line, where old colleens
Stand and deliver soup, slaw, salad greens,
Lamb patties, peas, beets, coffee, brick ice cream.
This round room has changed, too; it's lavender,
Sashed with long draperies in jungle green.
Look—there's a blood-red change booth with a brass
Wicket enclosing money and a man.
We step up to get nickels. The change man
Becomes my father. Recognition. Up
Goes the gold wicket, bang!, and out he shouts—
Face lit with flame, no doubt a trick of the
Sensational décor—"No, no, no, no!"
Dream ends. Escapement of small hours resumes.

FIVE

Doze, wake, and entertain those sawed-off dreams
That spring on you at morning, when all things
Distort and shiver; men on stilted legs
Mutate into short blobs, and blots explode
Into thin alphabets of wiry stars;

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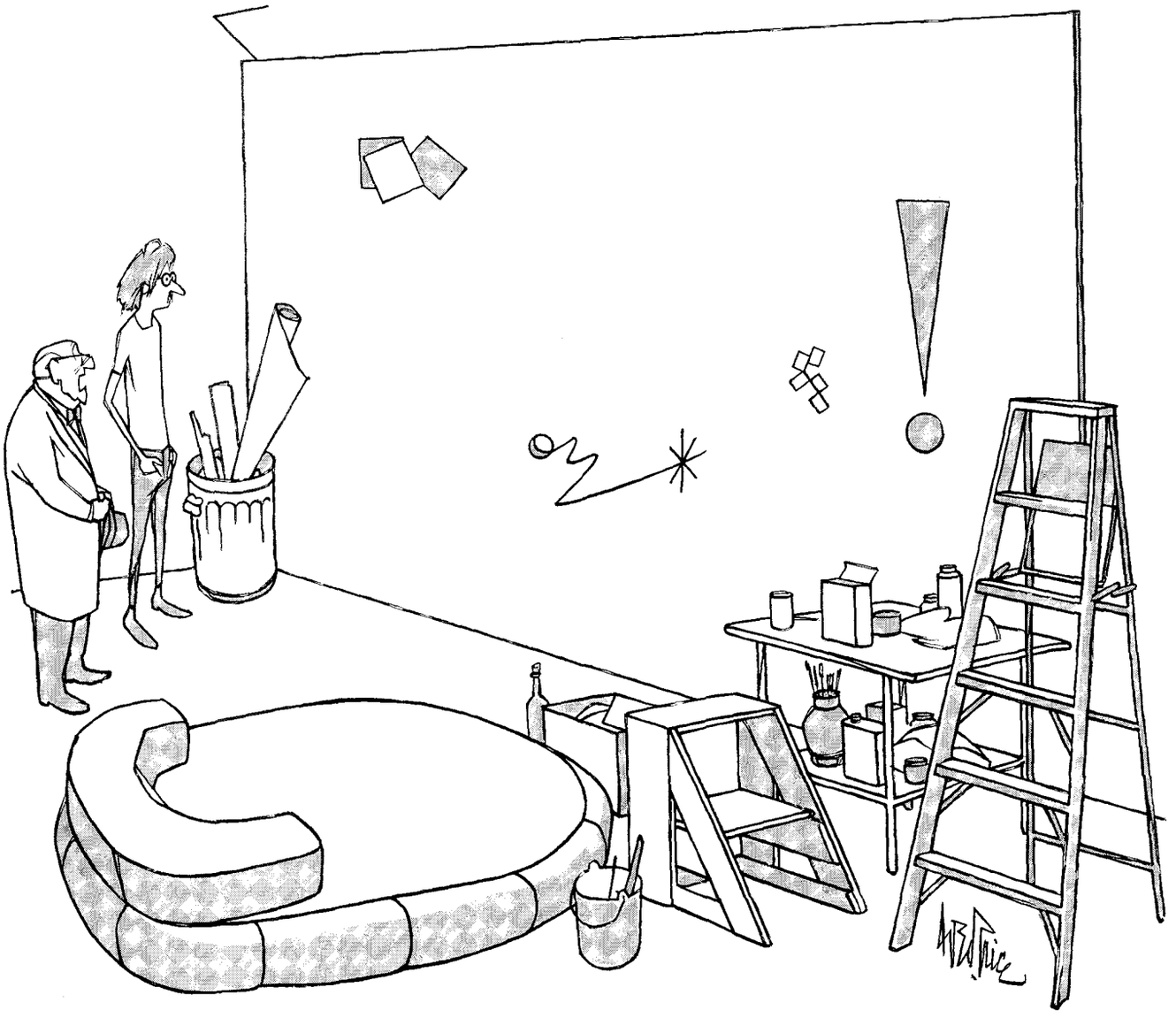

"Lord, how you must have suffered!"

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Simples turn double, petals form whole heads
Of leaves like cabbages, perspectives go
Back to beginnings like a Chirico,
And you fall down the fun-house chute of sleep,
And land, awake, in trouble, on the street
Of dreams, where every door turns you away
To face the undeclared but actual day.

SIX

To tiptoe through the tulip shapes of coats
Flung down upon and under snorters in
The clover-overlookers' den, the long
Coach corridor of their thin railroad flat,
Is difficult when hung, re-drunk on cold
Flat water, bearded, shod in dirty socks,
Laden with leaden shoes. I snap the locks
Back thunderously, fire myself out through
The door with a grand slam, and gravitate
Down to the vestibule to don my shoes.
The street is infinitely sinister:
A lamp ticks like a clock; the wind harps on
The stanchions of the El; a taxicab
Creeps, cruising, up on me; a sewer fumes.
I walk quite quick. In leeward doorways, eyes
Of derelicts move with me, and the lees
Of their bare bottles glint in ricochets
Of public power and light. At Berkeley Street,
Brick rooming houses stop. Ahead, the bulk
Of the John Hancock, lately dried and signed,
Inscribed across the top with Christmas lights,
Picks itself out in density against
The slightest lightening of sky. It's cold.
I trot, borne on a heavy wave of air,
Down St. James Street and into angular
Park Square, where, halfway home to Pinckney Street,
I stop for coffee at the Waldorf Lunch
And sit in solace with the morning bunch
Of regulars—red cop, green grandmother
With three bags full, brown lavatory boy,
White rummy with a tie, black counterman,
Pocked yellow cook presiding over fire—
All busy keeping an ice age away
From their cold hearts while waiting for the day
To break and bring in a gilt-edged new year.

—L. E. Sissman

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PROFILES

THE MUSIC IS MORE IMPORTANT

"PLEASE don't call it a vibraphone," Red Norvo admonished me a while ago. "I play the vibra*harp*, a name coined by the Deagan Company, which invented the instrument in 1927 and still supplies me with mine. Of course, I started on the xylophone and marimba in the mid-twenties, and up until then they were vaudeville instruments, clown instruments. They differ from one another chiefly in range, like tenor and alto saxophones. The xylophone is higher than the marimba, but both have piano-like keyboards, with three registers. The bars, or what would be the keys of a piano, are made of rosewood. The vibraharp has the same keyboard, but it is lower in range than the marimba. It's an electronic instrument, and its bars are made of aluminum. It's electronic because the resonator tubes that hang down underneath the bars, like an upside-down organ, have little paddle-shaped fans in them called pulsators that are driven by a small electric motor. When they're in motion, they enable the performer to get that rolling, mushing-out vibrato you hear from most vibes players. Vibraharps also have loud, or damper, pedals, similar to the piano's, which lift the bars off felt pads, and when you use the damper pedal *and* the pulsators you get that *uh-uh-uh-uh-uh* sound. On the vibraharp—if you'll pardon my saying it—you can cheat by using the pulsators and the damper pedal. It's been done and is done. I've never used a motor, but what I do have now is an amplifier, which Jack Deagan designed for me six years ago. It helps acoustically in bad rooms. Before, if you had just one microphone and you set it near the center of the keyboard, the upper and lower registers would be cold. Deagan put little crystal mikes in each resonator tube, but at first I couldn't get even amplification, and once when I flew into Las Vegas for a gig they left the instrument out in hundred-and-twenty-degree heat at the airport and all the mikes melted. The mallets you use affect the sound of the instrument. I have hard-rubber ones for the xylophone, and on the marimba rubber ones with a twine cover, which I use on vibraharp, too. Dixie Rollini, Adrian's widow, still wraps them for me. She doesn't do it for anyone else now. It's a nice gesture and I appreciate it. I also use slap mallets, which I invented in 1928.

Red Norvo

They're rectangular and flattish and the size of a kitchen spoon, and they're made of cork covered with felt and buckskin, and they cause a dead, tramping effect. The vibraharp is a peculiar instrument because it tends to take on the characteristics of the people who play it. Sometimes the instrument becomes the personality. And it's peculiar because vibraharpists are a pretty warm fraternity. Guitarists are also like that. Certain people choose certain instruments, and vibraharpists in general are gentle, quiet people. Trumpet players and drummers, on the other hand, can be pretty argumentative. But the main thing is to play the *right* instrument. So many musicians go through their lives on the wrong instrument. You hear guitarists who should be tenor players and pianists who should be trumpeters and drummers who should maybe be out of music altogether."

Norvo, who is an immaculate and indispensable jazz musician, was sitting in his living room in Santa Monica. The room is big and blue and white, with a fireplace at one end and a Pennsylvania Dutch dining table, surrounded by Windsor chairs, at the other. A sofa and several more chairs, one of them a handsome eighteenth-century corner chair, ring the fireplace, and over the mantel is a forthright painting of Norvo playing his vibraharp. An apothecary's chest is against one wall, and near it, in a bay window, stands a beautiful marimba. The dining area is weighed down by a pine cupboard filled with Staffordshire china and a Shaker dry sink filled with spongeware. Opposite the marimba, a pair of open glass doors lead out into a small patio. It was a stunning smogless, ninety-degree southern-California day, and the sun itself seemed to be in the room.

Norvo poured himself a cup of coffee from a small espresso pot. "Ralph Watkins, who used to run the Embers in New York, gave me this pot. You can't buy them here, or at least I've never been able to find one. You have to go to New York or San Francisco, and it's the same with the coffee. I used to drink it straight all day, but now I water it down some." He jumped up and opened a couple of windows behind the marimba. "It's hot in here, and I don't see why I have to keep all the windows shut. This is Santa-Ana-wind weather. The wind blows straight from the desert and across the mountains to the ocean. I was up early last Sunday and we went up to the Angeles National Forest to do a little varmint hunting. There were a lot of deer hunters down in the gullies and we were up on the high rocks, and so were the deer. We could see the brush fires starting and the wind was blowing like hell. It's usually very cold up there, but when we got out of the car it was *hot*, in the nineties. It was a shock. I hunt every chance I get. In Vegas you can practically lean out and touch the mountains from downtown, which makes hunting there a cinch."

In profile, Norvo, who is medium-sized, is S-shaped. He holds his head forward and his shoulders are bent from almost forty years of stooping over his instruments. He has a comfortable front porch and his legs bow out behind, like a retired hurdler's. Head on, he suggests a mischievous Scottish saint. His blue eyes laugh, and they are set off by V-shaped laugh lines. His nose is generous but subtly beaked, and he has a beard. The beard is orange-red, and so is his receding hair, which is long and thick in back. When he laughs, his eyes nearly close, and his teeth, in the surrounding foliage, shine like the sun in a fall maple. His voice is even and rich,

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and it anchors him. He was dressed in a green-and-white checked sports shirt—worn outside of olive pants—and leather sandals.

I asked him how he liked the Newport Jazz Festival. He had been in a concert given over to vibraharpists, and he had, with his wit and precision and grace, easily matched his colleagues, among them Lionel Hampton, Milt Jackson, Gary Burton, and Bobby Hutcherson. Norvo sipped his coffee. "It was just fine. I was working down near Disneyland, at the Charter House, and when I got through at two-thirty in the morning I caught a plane which stopped in Kansas City and I think St. Louis. The weather was terrible in New York and no regular planes were taking off, so I flew from LaGuardia in a Piper Cub George Wein had hired. We were dodging clouds and going all over the place on the way up, and the pilot said if he could *see* the airport at Newport he'd land. I remember Providence way over on the left and Newport way over on the right, and we could see the airport, so in we went. There was a car waiting and it took me right to the festival and on I went. I'd been travelling eleven hours and I didn't have time to change my clothes. I didn't even know who I was going to play with, but sometimes it's better that way."

A short, pretty woman with dark hair in a feather cut and a Rubens figure came into the room. It was Norvo's wife, Eve. She was dressed in a nurse's white uniform, with white stockings and shoes, and she had a wide, dimpled smile and serene eyes. She stood in front of us with her hands crossed and said to Norvo, "Can I get you some more coffee?" He said no. "I work at St. John's Hospital near here," she told me. "I used to be in charge of the teen-agers who clean and carry trays and the like. But now I'm in Medical Records. It's five days a week from three to eight, and I love it. Where are you playing tonight, Red?"

Norvo consulted a pad. "In a motel in Huntington Beach called the Sheraton Beach Inn. We start around nine and I don't know where it is, so I better leave at seven. That'll give me time for getting lost and setting up."

Mrs. Norvo nodded, and asked me if she could pick me up at my hotel in the morning and take me sightseeing on the way to the house. I said I'd be delighted.

Norvo waited until she had left; then he got up and waved his arms around and laughed. "Eve took this job a couple of years ago, when I was playing a long gig in Las Vegas. I was home one weekend and she said she was getting tired of sitting around, so I said, 'Go out and get a gig.' Well, she did, and I learned more about what she's doing there just now than I ever knew before. When the job in Vegas was over I told her she might as well quit. 'Quit? What do you mean, quit?' She got real insulted. When she got her first paycheck she came home real cool and laid twenty dollars on me, she was that proud. I laughed and told her, 'Some big spender.'

"Eve and I were married in 1946, a year before we moved out here from New York. She's always called me Red, but my first wife, Mildred Bailey, called me Kenneth, and so did John Hammond and my mother. They were the only people who always called me Kenneth. Norvo isn't my real name. I was born Kenneth Norville, in Beardstown, Illinois, in three thirty-one oh-eight. Next March I'll be sixty-one. I don't feel it, that's the disconcerting thing. My daughter, Portia, who lives with us, is twenty-two, and she even has a little towhead kid. I got the name Norvo from Paul Ash, in vaudeville. He could never remember my name when he announced me. It would come out Norvin or Norvox or Norvick, and one night it was Norvo. *Variety* picked it up and it stuck, so I kept it. Norville is Scottish, and my family came from around Roseville, which is a little town near Galesburg. I had two brothers and a sister—Howard, Glen, and Portia. They're all gone. My father was a railroader, a dispatcher for the C. B. & Q.—the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. He worked for the railroad all his life, and we moved around a lot before I arrived. I believe Portia was born in Hillsdale and Howard in Macomb and Glen in East Alton. My mother was eighty when she died out here, eight years ago, and we buried her in Roseville. My father was tall and dark and bald. He was stern but quiet-tempered. He liked to say things like 'It takes you all your life to learn to live, and when you have, you don't have time left to live.' He didn't drink, but he'd smoke a cigar and he was religious. He died a thirty-second-degree Mason. He built the new Masonic Temple in Beardstown and they gave him the door knocker from the old one. I still have it around the house. He played piano—you know, mainly chords—and he'd sing in a big voice. He died before I was twenty. My mother was blond, always very thin and very proud. And she was astute about people—she never missed. Her name was Estelle, and we all called her Stell. She was always very strong on getting us out of small-town life. Of my parents, she had the edge where humor was concerned. Beardstown had a population of about seven thousand, and we lived on the edge of town. My brother Glen had a pony, Prince, and when he went away to college he kind of passed it down to me, but I never felt it was mine, so once when he was home on vaca-

"And, dear Lord, help everybody to back down from firm positions. Amen."

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tion I said, 'You should *give* me that pony. I don't feel it's mine.' 'All right,' he said. 'Jump off this porch and onto that pony and open up and get around the block in a minute flat and I'll give it to you.' My mother was in the back of the house, and she looked out the window and saw me streaking by and she came running out and yelled, 'The pony's running away with Kenneth, the pony's running away with Kenneth,' and when I came tearing around the corner of the house she could see—she'd known horses all her life—that I was in control, and we all laughed. I used to go into town on Prince to get groceries, and they'd load me up with a bag under each arm and I'd ride home using just my knees. Prince would stop right by the front door when I had groceries, but if I didn't have any he'd lickety-split it right into his stall and I'd grab an iron bar over the door and let him go and drop to the ground. Every Saturday we rode out into the country, and in the fall I got up real early and went up in the hills to get walnuts and pecans. We were on the Illinois River, and I got to know all the riverboats. The Capitol tied up at Beardstown around six o'clock in the warm weather and everyone piled on and she cruised until eleven. She always had a dance band, and one whole floor, one whole deck, would be a ballroom. There were all-day excursions that started at eight in the morning. Some stores gave out tickets like supermarkets give out trading stamps and the boat would go to a picnic ground and come back around six. Showboats came, too, twice a summer. They were like floating theatres, and they gave all the old clichés—'The Drunkard' or a minstrel show or 'Little Eva.' I remember one night excursion I heard Bix Beiderbecke and Frank Trumbauer. I couldn't have been more than ten or eleven. I was fascinated with Trumbauer. I spent the whole evening sitting and watching. I was thrilled, it sounded so good. And of course it was on the riverboats that I first heard Louis Armstrong."

A boy of around sixteen or seventeen sauntered in, and Norvo said that this was his son, Kevin. We shook hands and Kevin said, "Howdy." He was dressed in a T-shirt and blue jeans, and he is a miniature Red Norvo. He has an undeveloped S-figure, red hair, pale skin, and freckles. "I've got an orthodontist's appointment at four," he said.

"O.K.," Norvo replied. "But will you pick up my shirts at the cleaners'? I don't have any to wear tonight. The ticket's out on the harvest table by the front door. I'll feed you when you get back."

"Money?" Kevin asked.

"Money! I gave you some money the other day."

Kevin smiled and nodded at me as he backed out of the room.

"Isn't he something? The other night some people were here and he told them I was the oldest beatnik in California. Where was I? Oh, the river. Every spring the river rose, and sometimes the levees held and sometimes they didn't. The water rose as high inside houses as that apothecary's chest, and I can remember fishing off our front porch. Once it rained and rained, and the principal of our school called us into assembly one morning and said, 'Grab your stuff and get home as fast as you can. The levee's broken.' The water was above my knees when I got home. I put Prince on the front porch and got his feed bag and straw and bedded him down. The cellar flooded and the heat and lights went out. It was cold. That lasted a couple of days, and my father decided to send my mother and my sister and me down to Rolla, Missouri, where my brother was in college at the Missouri School of Mines. We got through very slowly on the train, and I guess we stayed down there six weeks or so, and that's where it all began. When I was six or seven, I'd taken piano lessons and I'd had a dozen before my teacher discovered I couldn't read a note of music. I was doing it all by ear. One of my brothers or my sister would play what I was supposed to practice and I'd learn it by ear. My teacher rapped my hands with a ruler when she found out—she didn't mean anything by it—and I got frightened and never went back. But in Rolla I heard a man named Wentworth playing marimba in the pit of the theatre. I got fascinated and watched him every night. I was about fourteen. Then it turned out that Wentworth was in the same fraternity as my brother, and he told me I could go over to his room any time and fool around with the marimba he had there. I did, and when I got back to Beardstown it started eating on me and I thought about that marimba and thought about it. A friend of my father's who played wonderful blues piano got me a Deagan catalogue and I saw what I wanted. So I sold Prince for a hundred dollars and worked all summer on a pickup gang in the railroad yards, loading ties and jacking up the cars so that the wheels could be repaired or ground. The reason I sold my pony and went to work was that my father told me, 'You want this marimba bad enough, you get it.' I guess he was tired of paying for lessons and instruments when nothing came of it—like when one of my brothers came home from college, where he had taken up football, and put his violin away for good because it was considered sissy for a football player to play violin. My father was right. It was the best thing in the world for me because it made me really serious about it. When I'd saved enough I bought a table-model xylophone for a hundred and thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents. I never took any lessons. I taught myself to read as I went along and I learned harmony later, when I was on the road."

Norvo went out to the kitchen and got two 7-Ups. "I'd offer you a beer," he said, "but I haven't had any beer in the house since 1952, when I gave up drinking. And I gave up smoking six years ago. Once when I came home from a gig in Vegas I was smoked out and I just decided that's that. What I did was fast for a whole week. All I took was a little grapefruit juice and hot water or a little grapefruit, and I was so busy thinking about how hungry I was that I forgot all about the smoking. When I started eating again, the desire was gone."

I asked Norvo how he got his celebrated evenness and delicacy of tone on the vibraharp—an instrument that invites a muddy attack.

"It was the training the marimba and xylophone gave me. They taught me about evenness of tone. The notes die very quickly on wooden bars and you have to hit each one just right to get the time value you want. If you need a legato passage you really have to *play* legato and not depend on the damper pedal or pulsators, and staccato or fast things have to be clean and hard. If I want a vibrato effect, I add a little roll or tremolo to the end of the phrase, which has to be perfect and is one of the hardest things to do on the instrument. I can never play anything the same twice. Years ago, when I worked in vaudeville, I used to think I had to play things people could latch onto, things they would associate with me. So I worked out about a dozen figures, and every time I tried one it came out differently. Im-

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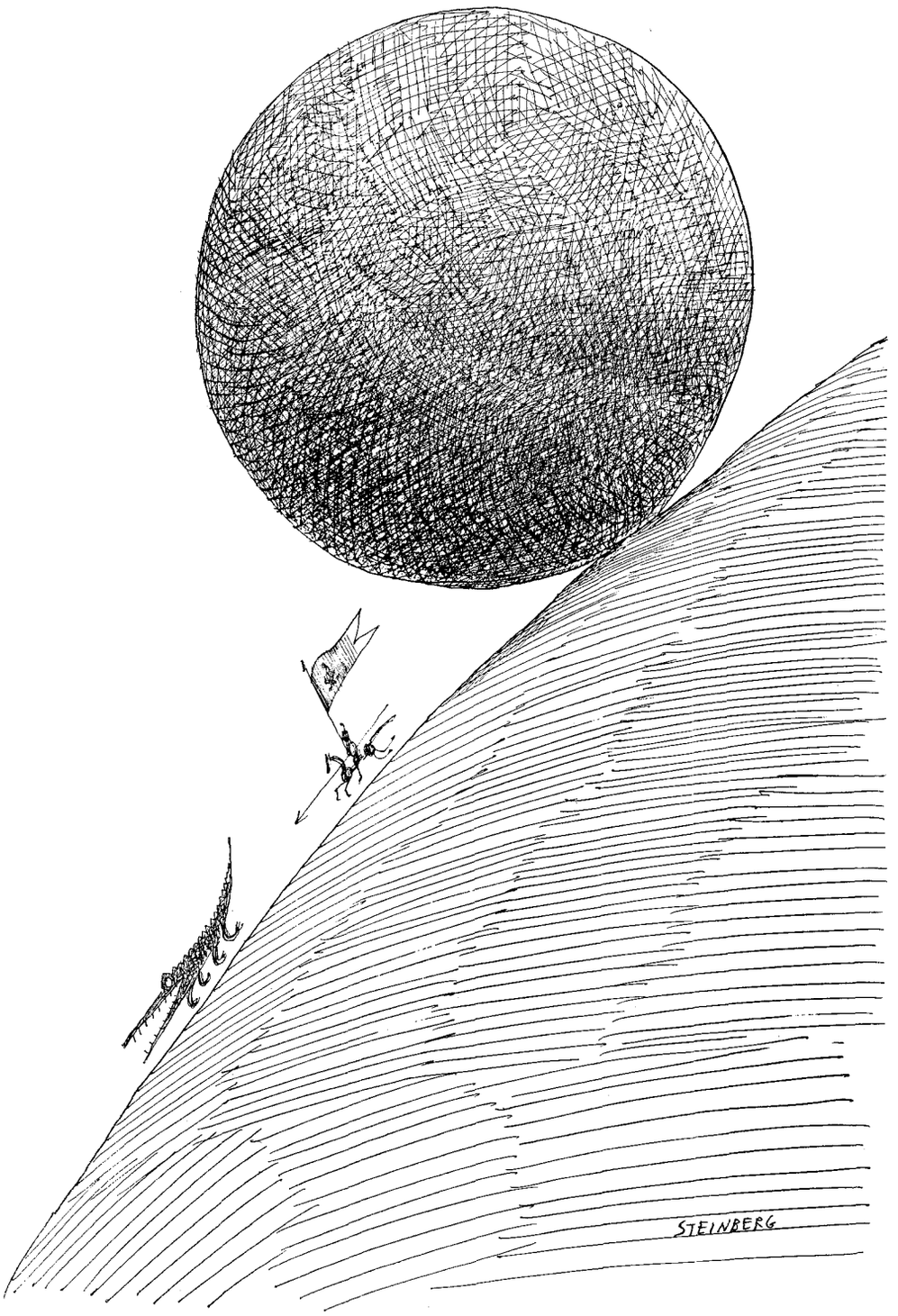
provisation is like somebody running. Your reactions are fast and you're listening all the time. One ear's on what you're playing and the other's on what's being played behind you. You develop so you listen at a distance, you listen about twelve feet around you. I use the bass line—the melodic flow the bassist is getting—and I improvise against that. The bass line compensates for the way you are going to roll. Improvising is never dull. Each night is like a new happening to you. Tempos, moods, atmosphere, they vary all the time. One night you might play 'I Surrender, Dear' real legato and another night you might find yourself doubling and even tripling the tempo. I work with the construction of a tune, too. I consider its harmonies and linear design and its bridge. What is characteristic notewise in the tune you're working on can be the key to what you do."

Norvo yawned and shook his head. "Nap time. I'm up early every morning, but I need a couple of hours in the afternoon to get me through the evening. Why don't you come by tonight at Huntington Beach? First nights are uneven, and I have no idea what the place is like, but something might happen." He got up and I followed him toward the kitchen, a spacious, bright room with a gas stove, a wall oven, and a charcoal grill he had encased in brick. "I guess you've noticed all the Colonial furniture and stuff around the house," he said over his shoulder. "At one point we had so much I had to rent a garage near here to keep the overflow in. I started collecting when I was with Mildred, and it has become a kind of madness with me. I drop into junk shops and antique shops wherever I am in the country, and I've picked up a lot of things out here. People from the East bring beautiful furniture and china out with them, and then they die and their kids don't want anything *old* in their houses, so they sell it." We had passed through the kitchen into a formal dining room. "Those candlesticks and goblets on the shelves in front of the window are Sandwich glass. That one's a sapphire blue and that's vaseline and that's canary. Those are green and purple, and we call the milky color clam broth, and that blue is cobalt. Most of the lamps in the house are also Sandwich glass. I generally convert them myself. The corner cupboard is cherry and it's from Ohio. The china inside is Eve's. It's Canton, and the old clipper-ship captains brought it over as a kind of ballast and then sold it when they got here. The other corner cupboard is Connecticut, and you can see how much more delicate it is than the Ohio one. The dining chairs are Queen Anne side chairs with block-and-turn legs and Spanish feet. You wouldn't believe it, but I got them from a *museum*. Museums get overstocked, and I picked them up that way. Come on into the front room. The grandfather clock in the corner is extremely rare. It's from Lebanon, Pennsylvania, and is by a clockmaker named Miety. The wood is maple, and the horizontal stripes in it gave somebody the bright idea of calling it tiger maple. The harvest table is tiger maple, too. That's a tilt-top candlestand, and the graceful little feet are snake feet, and the sofa by the clock is—oh, hell, what is it?—O.K., a camelback Chippendale. And that's a Queen Anne wing chair across from it. Come on into our bedroom." We went through the front room into a small hall and into the bedroom, which was filled with a canopy bed and two highboys—one with a delicate fluted top and one with a heavy, sedate bonnet top. "This is my little room in here," Norvo said, leading me back through the hall. "Eve never touches it, and as a result it's filthy. I keep my Bennington ware in this cabinet. It was made about a hundred years ago and I've got



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"Alexander, my boy, Daddy thinks you should finish your schooling and get started in life before you go around wearing Daddy's expression all the time."

• •

everything—a footwarmer, which I found covered with dirt in a junk shop in New York, and mugs, pitchers, coachman jugs, picture frames, doorknobs. You name it, I've got it. I'm told it's much sought after now. And I keep my gun collection in this closet." It was a walk-in closet. Part of one wall was hung with rifles, and a long row of pistols, each in a leather case, were lined up on a shelf. Big glass jars held bullets of every size and shape, and on a small workbench were two pistols in repair. "Maybe I love guns the most. There's nothing more beautiful than a beautiful gun used in the right way."

Fred Seligo, a friend, a professional photographer, and an admirer of Norvo, drove me down to Huntington Beach after dinner. "Nothing is measured in distances out here," he told me. "It's forty-five minutes or an hour or an hour and a half. This ought to be an hour's run. I guess Red plays at a lot of places like this all over the West—motels and hotels and the lounges in the casinos at Vegas. Red told me once that the owner of a place in Vegas where he had a gig called him into his office one afternoon not so long ago and said that he had to shave his beard off. In half an hour, Red and the band were packed and headed back to the Coast. Not only that. Nobody listens to you in those places. The whole scene is sad when you think of it, but it doesn't seem to bother him. And I think he plays better now than he ever has." The motel was across the road from the ocean—a fair-sized building with wings jutting out on either side. We went through a lobby into a dark, circular room. The floor was carpeted and the walls were carved wood. There were hanging plants, and a circular dance floor, set in a well, was surrounded by tables and a trellis wall. Seligo looked around him. "Early phony Polynesian," he said. "And I'll bet that bar in there is called the Lanai Lounge." We took a table outside the trellis and fifteen feet from Norvo, who was set up in the entrance of what Seligo called the "piano bar." With him were piano, bass, and drums. Norvo was in the middle of "Blue Moon," in cha-cha time.

Norvo is the father of his instrument, and, like most originators, he is a visionary. In 1933, he made a startling avant-garde recording on xylophone that had Benny Goodman on bass clarinet, Dick McDonough on guitar, and Artie Bernstein on bass. One side was Bix Beiderbecke's pioneering "In a Mist," and the other was Norvo's "Dance of the Octopus." Both numbers are full of odd harmonies and notes, arhythmic collective passages that suggest the "new-thing" music of today, and a Debussylike motion. A couple of years later, he formed a small band that tidily mirrored a big band, using arrangements and riffs and the like. It was, as Norvo has pointed out, the first non-Dixieland small band. His professional liaison with Mildred Bailey marked the first time a jazz vocalist had a first-rate jazz band built around her. In 1945, he headed a brilliant, groundbreaking recording date that brought together bebop (Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker) and swing (Teddy Wilson, Flip Phillips, Slam Stewart, Specs Powell), and not long after that he played with Benny Goodman and Wilson and Stewart in Billy Rose's famous revue, "The Seven Lively Arts." Then he joined Woody Herman, becoming the first vibraharpist to play full time with a big jazz band, and he made small-band Herman recordings that adventurously echoed his own band of a decade before. He assembled a trio in the late forties, with Tal Farlow on guitar and Charlie Mingus on bass, that was probably the most celebrated group he has led and that remains one of the most celebrated in jazz. It lasted nearly a decade, with varying personnel, and in the late fifties Norvo went into the recording studios again, to make four timeless sides for Victor with Harry Edison on trumpet, Ben Webster on tenor saxophone, and Jimmy Rowles on piano. Since then he has had a steadily changing succession of small groups, each challenging and original, each light on its feet and light on the ear.

Norvo's style owes very little to anyone else. There are suggestions in his minute tremolos and in his admixture of sudden runs and lagging single notes of Earl Hines, whom he listened to in the late twenties, but the rest is his own. He is always improvising. In the first chorus of a number, he will lead the ensemble with a refined, airy version of the melody, generally played somewhat behind the beat. He seems to pick out the best notes, suspending them briefly before the listener like a jewel-

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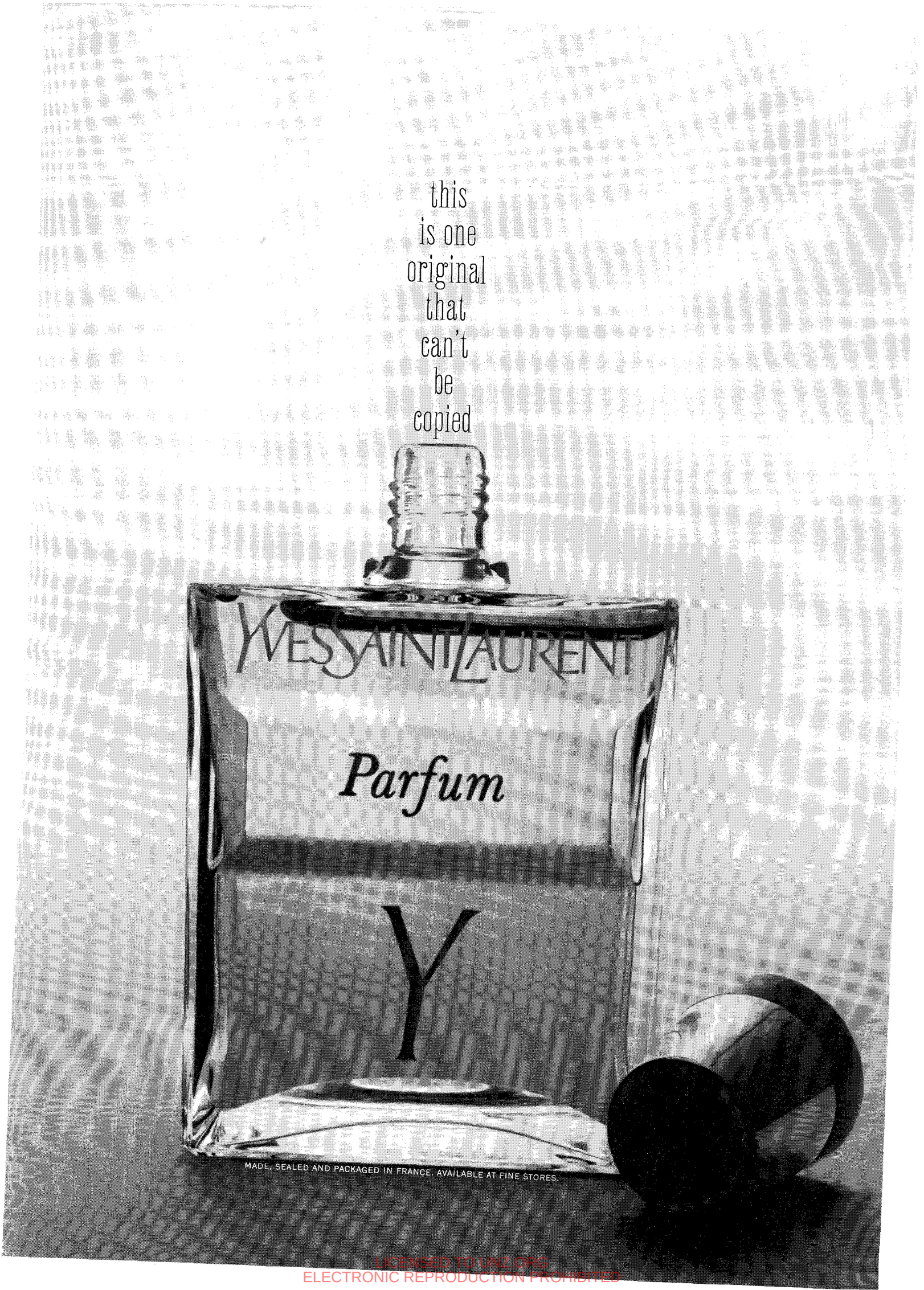

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ler holding good stones up to the light. When he goes into his solo, everything doubles in intensity. He picks out single notes in the upper register with just his right mallet, occasionally jarring them with contrapuntal left-hand notes, inserts an abrupt, two-handed ascending rush that is topped by octave chords, returns to right-hand single notes (the last of them played flatfooted, with the mallet held on the bar after the note is struck to deaden the sound), plays a two-handed run that covers all three registers in both directions, and finishes his first chorus with a legato snatch of the melody. Norvo's flow of notes is startling; a pianist has the equivalent of ten mallets, but he has only two. His solos are without blur; each note is crystalline, polished, cherished. His rhythms shift constantly, and his choice of notes and harmonies is daring and questing. His solos are extrovert. They are full of good cheer, and when he plays a slow blues the emotion transmitted is clean and gentle and free of self-pity. A first-rate Norvo solo is like a piece of Eve Norvo's Canton china; its color and weight and glaze and design are in fluid balance.

"Blue Moon" was followed by a brisk "Sunday" and a brilliant "I Surrender, Dear," which started at a slow tempo, slipped into double time, with Norvo dodging back and forth between the original tempo and the new one, and ended in a triple time closed by an abrupt, free-fall return to the first speed. "Undecided" came next, and the set ended with a fast blues. Norvo talked to his musicians for a minute and then sat down at the table and ordered a coffee.

"Boy, what a set! Nothing went right. I couldn't hear the piano and the drums sounded like they were underwater, and the piano and drums couldn't hear me. And the lighting is crazy. Whenever I lift the bars with the loud pedal, the light catches the aluminum and it makes me feel seasick, a little dizzy. It depresses me, but I don't let it get to me. My musicians are all down in the mouth, so I just told them, 'All right, the set was bum, but it's *over*, and there's nothing you can do about it now. You're all good musicians, professionals, and you *know* what the trouble is, so you can fix it in the next set.' If you're a leader, you can't show your feelings about depression and the like. You can't excuse yourself that way, any more than you can let drunks and such get to you. If they do, it's your fault. It's just an excuse to spout off, to insult them. It deteriorates you. The main thing is that jazz should be fun. After all, the *music* is more important than any of us musicians. I'm beginning to think it's not that way anymore, which is too bad. We've come into an age of geniuses, of big musicians swaggering down the sidewalk, and nobody has any fun anymore. I've never done anything musically unless I *liked* to do it. Of course, experience is the most important factor in being a musician. Gradually, through the years, you build a higher and higher level of consistency, and no matter how bad the conditions are—in an impersonal place like this you almost always feel like you're in left field—you never drop below that level. But if things *do* go wrong, you just accept it. You might not like what you are doing, but you accept it, and I've found at my time of life that that's the hardest thing of all. Like with my hearing, which I've had trouble with since I was a kid and had mastoids and the doctor lanced my ears. Then I got a fungus condition in Florida in the thirties, and that took a long time to clear up. Then early this year, in Palm Springs, there were times when I couldn't hear the piano, and one night I discovered that the E-flat I thought I was hearing in my head was coming in my ear a D. It scared me. I came home and my whole left ear—my right one has only had sixty-per-cent hearing since I was a kid—collapsed. It was frightening. I got so I couldn't hear a dial tone, and I watched TV with the sound off. I stopped playing, and in June I was operated on, and when I was back in my hospital room my hearing was perfect. Since then it has been off and on. Sometimes I have trouble hearing the top and bottom of the keyboard, but the bones in the ear have begun to vibrate again, and that's a good sign. So now I just try to stop second-guessing myself when I play, to stop being so damned critical and just move straight ahead."

The next set began with "Our Love Is Here to Stay." The drummer had tightened his drumheads and he sounded crisp and clear, and the lid of the piano had been propped open. Norvo himself seemed to open up, and his solos took on a fleetness and urgency that were missing in the first set. Even his motions became more exuberant. He stooped over his vibraharp like a chef sniffing sauces. His head was jutted

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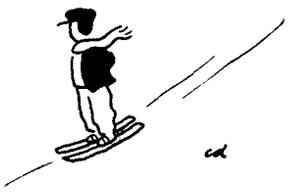
forward, chin up, and it swivelled from side to side, giving the impression that he was searching the audience for an expected friend. At the same time, he rocked on his feet, his cocked, outrigger elbows seemingly keeping him upright. Occasionally he looked down at his hands, following closely a complex run as if he were an entomologist tracking an ant, but then the head came up again, the beard pointing and the eyes scanning and scanning. A bossa nova and a slow ballad followed, and then Norvo picked up his slap mallets and played a tromping, funny, stop-time chorus. In the next number, he sat down beside his vibraharp and played bongo drums, laughing and rocking back and forth. The group caught his cheer, and the final number, "Perdido," with Norvo back in the pilot's seat, was a floating beauty.



Mrs. Norvo picked me up at ten o'clock sharp the next morning. She was wearing a flowered cotton dress and big dark glasses. It was another hot, klieg-lit day. In half an hour, we drove through Beverly Hills, Bel Air, Westwood, and Santa Monica, and saw the houses and castles of Tony Curtis ("He was on a television interview program a while ago," Mrs. Norvo said, "and afterward he got letters from all his old school chums in the Bronx asking to borrow money"), Jayne Mansfield, Fred MacMurray, Maxine Andrews of the Andrews Sisters, Gregory Peck, Ella Logan, Pat O'Brien, and Phyllis Diller. We toured a corner of the U.C.L.A. campus filled with open-air garages that were larger than most classroom buildings in the East, and we saw the motel in Santa Monica where the Norvos had stayed when they came to the Coast and he was waiting for his Los Angeles union card to come through. ("We used to sit all day and play gin rummy and listen to the radio and go to the beach. It was a pretty nice life.") Then we turned into Alta Avenue and parked in front of the Norvos' house, which is gray and hugged by shrubs and—because it is clapboard—an oddity in southern California. The street is wide and pleasant. Towering palms and short magnolia trees line it, and the lawns are manicured. The ocean was only a block or two behind us, and a light fog was ballooning up the street. "I don't see Red's car," Mrs. Norvo said, taking off her glasses. "I guess he must have gone out for a few minutes. I'm a transplanted Easterner, too. I guess I don't miss the seasons anymore. If we want snow we can go up in the mountains, and of course we have the ocean. Sometimes I walk over and take a path that runs for three miles beside it. It's never the same. One day it will be peaceful and blue and the next it will be black and angry. And as Red says, New York used to have an atmosphere it doesn't have anymore. He used to feel that if he left town and just went to Chicago that he was camping out. And everyone in New York goes like a locomotive. Here the pace is sensible. I was born in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, and I grew up in Lee, which isn't far from there. My father was a tailor and my mother worked with him. Six months before I graduated from high school they moved to New York, and I stayed in Lee with friends until I was finished. I met Red backstage at the Paramount, where he was with Benny Goodman. Five days later he called me—he already knew my brother, Shorty Rogers, the trumpet player—and asked me to have dinner with him. I had been married before, and I have a son, Mark, who's twenty-seven and who's with Hughes Aircraft near the airport. I think Red's greatest asset is his humility. He is a humble, kind, generous man, and—oh, there he is."

Norvo was standing in the front door of the house. Mrs. Norvo and I got out and he joined us.

"I thought you were out," she said.

"They took the car to put new plugs in it. Come on in."

He led the way into the living room, and Mrs. Norvo went into the kitchen to make some espresso. I asked him how the rest of the evening had gone.

"Oh, we're getting straightened around. We moved the vibes a little forward and opened the piano up all the way and we began to hear each other by the last set. A couple of guys came in late, and one of them asked me if I was the same Red Norvo who played the Commodore Hotel in New York with Mildred Bailey in 1938, and I said I was, and the guy with him told me, 'He turned so fast to get in here when he saw the sign "Red Norvo" out on the road that the car nearly tipped over.' Tonight they're coming back with their wives and families. The same thing happened to me a while ago at the Rainbow Grill. People

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came up and said, 'Do you remember me? You played a dance in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, in 1936, and that was the night I met my wife.' Well, you can't remember those things, but it gives you pleasure that other people do. The thirties were a bad time for a lot of people, but Mildred and I—we were married in 1930—made it pretty well. I spent the last part of the twenties in vaudeville. I tried college twice—once at the University of Illinois and once at the University of Detroit. But it never took, and by Thanksgiving both times I was back on the road with the Collegians or the Flaming Youth Revue in some vaudeville troupe. I sang and played piano or xylophone, and I worked out a routine where I traded breaks with myself, playing xylophone and dancing. But I was never really happy in vaudeville. I had a Victrola I took everywhere, and I drove everybody backstage crazy playing jazz records on it. Then I worked my way up to being a single, and finally to leading house bands in Milwaukee and Kansas City and Detroit and Minneapolis, and when I went up to Chicago in 1929 I got a staff job with N.B.C., and we played radio broadcasts with Paul Whiteman and backed Mildred, who was with him then. I was already playing vibraharp and even a little timpani. I had my first band in New York with Charlie Barnet, and after that was the summer known as the Maine Panic. We got a gig to play Bar Harbor, and through a mutual friend we borrowed the name Rudy Vallée's New Yorkers. Vallée was big then, and since he was from Maine we arranged to borrow his name. I got together Chris Griffin on trumpet and Eddie Sauter, who were both with Goodman later, and Toots Camaratta, and I think we had Herbie Haymer on sax and Pete Peterson on bass and Dave Barbour on guitar. I was the director of the band, and I'd got arrangements by Fletcher Henderson and Teddy Hill, but the people up there were used to Meyer Davis. They'd never heard wild music like ours, and we didn't get paid because no one came back to hear us, and the only way we kept alive was with little gigs around Maine. We came back from one of them in a pick-up truck, and when we got home we looked in the back and all the instruments were gone. We'd bounced them out, so the next day we retraced the road and we'd find a saxophone in a ditch and a trumpet in a cornfield and a snare drum in the bushes. We survived on apple pies made from stolen apples, flounders, and clambakes on the beach, with butter bummed from a farmer. Finally it got so bad, though, that Mildred had to come up and get me. But it was the most enjoyable panic of my life. Not long after, I put together my first real group. It had trumpet and tenor and clarinet and bass and guitar and xylophone. No drums and no piano. We opened at the Famous Door, on Fifty-second Street. We were the first small jazz band to use riffs and arrangements and not play any Dixieland. I had the group a couple of years and we worked the Hickory House and Jack Dempsey's, on Broadway, and the Commodore, where I enlarged into a thirteen-piece group. Mildred joined us at the Blackhawk, in Chicago, in 1936. We were there all winter and came to be known as Mr. and Mrs. Swing, compliments of George Simon, the jazz writer. I had the group until 1940, but I had to give it up when Mildred developed diabetes and had to quit travelling."

Mrs. Norvo brought in the espresso and poured Norvo a mugful. "I got the idea for my trio, which I put together in 1949, after I'd moved out here. I figured a group with just vibes and guitar and bass could go into almost any place on the Coast, which would mean I could spend more time at home. Naturally, what happened was that our first booking was into Philly. We were playing opposite Slim Gaillard, who was swinging hard and making a lot of noise, and I felt naked. I wanted to know, what do you *do* behind a guitar solo with a vibraharp? Use two mallets, four mallets? What? It was awful. But by the last couple of days it began to unfold to me a little. Then we went to New York, and one night I stopped in to eat at Billy Reed's Little Club, where they had this sissy group. The guitarist, who I didn't know, played sixteen bars of something that spun my head. Mundell Lowe was on guitar with me, and he wanted to stay in New York, but he said he knew a guitarist who would be just right and I told him I'd heard one who would be just right, too. I insisted Mundell hear my man and Mundell insisted I hear his man, and you know what happened—they turned out to be the same guy, Tal Farlow. I took the trio to Hawaii, and when we got back to the Haig, here in Los Angeles, my bass player wanted to leave, and one night Jimmy Rowles,

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the pianist, came in and asked me if I remembered the bass player I had used when we backed Billie Holiday in Frisco a while back. I said I did—Charlie Mingus. We called all around Frisco and no one knew where he was, and finally we found him right down here—carrying mail. He wasn't playing at all and he was big. I'd watch him sit down and eat a quart of ice cream and I'd say, 'Hey, what are you doing?,' and he'd say, 'Man, I can eat *three* of these at one sitting.' But he went down in weight with us, and by the time we opened at the Embers he was fine. He could play those jet tempos that most drummers can't touch and he was a beautiful soloist. We stayed at the Embers a year or so, and Mingus was with us a couple of years."

Mrs. Norvo appeared with her daughter, Portia, who was carrying her son, Christopher. Norvo kissed Portia, who in figure and coloring is another replica of the old man, and took Christopher and held him at arm's length. "Well, how is it today?" he asked Christopher. "Have they been feeding you right?" Christopher blinked and looked at Norvo's beard. "You're sort of pensive this morning." Norvo put Christopher on his feet by the coffee table.

Mrs. Norvo and Portia sat down, and Christopher sidled over to his mother, staring at me.

"He's a swinger, when he has a mind for it," Norvo said. He picked up a pair of bongo drums and put them between his knees and began an easy rock-and-roll beat. Christopher smiled and edged his way around the coffee table, stopped, looked at Norvo and then up at the painting over the fireplace. He pointed at it and pointed at his grandfather. Then he giggled, sat down abruptly, and got up again. Norvo continued playing. "Come on, what's the matter with you? Don't you want to swing this morning?" Suddenly Christopher let go of the coffee table and started a tentative Twist. He swung from side to side, arms crooked, and Norvo laughed. "Now we're going, now we're going." Christopher Twisted some more, lost his balance, and tipped over, and his mother picked him up. Both women laughed, then Mrs. Norvo got up. "We have to go out and do some shopping, and then I have to get ready for work, so I'll see you later. How did it go last night? How long did it take to get there?"

"It was a drag for a while, but it picked up. It's an hour or so down there, but I didn't have any trouble

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finding it. It looks like at least a two-week gig."

The women left with Christopher, and Norvo settled back in his chair, holding his coffee cup on his stomach. I asked him what sort of person Mildred Bailey was. He looked at me and then at the floor. "My years with Mildred are a hard thing for me to put together now. They were wonderful years in my life, but it's been so long ago it's almost like I read it all in a book. I met her in Chicago, in 1929, and she gassed me as a singer. I really dug her, and we started having a bite together now and then. The first thing we were going together, and after we were married and came to New York with Whiteman we lived in an apartment in Jackson Heights and then we bought a house in Forest Hills, on Pilgrim Circle. It was a great house. It was open in back all the way to Queens Boulevard, and when it snowed—there was a little hill down to the garage—we'd get snowed in. There wasn't much jazz in New York then, outside of a few theatres and the Savoy and a couple of big Harlem clubs, so we had a lot of musicians and music in the house. The Benny Goodman trio came into being there. One night Teddy Wilson and Benny were there and they started jamming. Carl Bellinger, who's with a publishing house in New York now, was on drums. He was at Yale at the time, and on weekends he flew down from New Haven to Roosevelt Field in a little Waco he had and sat in on drums, which he left out on our sun porch. Teddy and Benny hit it off, and they brought in Gene Krupa, and that was that. Bessie Smith and her husband came to the house, too. Bessie was crazy about Mildred. She and Mildred used to laugh at each other and do this routine. They were both big women, and when they saw each other one of them would say, 'Look, I've got this brand-new dress, but it's got too *big* for me, so why don't *you* take it?' and they'd both break up. And Fats Waller came out. We loved to go to his place, too, and eat. His wife and mother-in-law did the cooking. Fats was always a boisterous man. It was no put-on. And Jess Stacy came out, and Hughes Panassie and Spike Hughes and Lee Wiley and Bunny Berigan and Alec Wilder. Red Nichols lived right across the street. Sometimes, in those days, people came up to me and said, 'When did you start playing vibes? You had the Five Pennies, didn't you?' That would get me and I'd introduce myself as Red Nichols, and Red told me that the same thing happened to him, and he'd introduce himself as Red Norvo. Mildred was a great natural cook, and she loved to eat. After she knew about her diabetes and was supposed to be on a diet, she'd say, 'Now I've ate the diet, so bring on the food.' She was an amazing person—very warm, very talented. She had a childlike singing voice, a microphone voice, but what singer hasn't? I think her diction got me almost more than anything. It was perfect. When she sang 'More Than You Know' I understood the words for the first time. She made you feel that she was not singing a song because she wanted you to hear how she could sing but to make you hear and value that song. And she had an emotional thing with audiences. I heard it once at the old Blue Angel when there was an ugly hoopla crowd, a messy crowd, and Ellis Larkins, her pianist, played the intro and she started, and before two bars were over—silence. That crowd was down. Mildred loved to laugh and she was very inventive in language. She nicknamed Whiteman Pops. People's opinions of her were very different. They used to say she was temperamental. Sometimes when people don't do or think exactly what they're told they're called temperamental. Either that or they're called geniuses. Mildred got the temperamental bit. She was just astute. She *knew* what was right and she stayed by that knowledge. The first time she heard Billie Holiday, who was just a kid, she said, 'She has it.' Then later she spotted another kid, Frank Sinatra, the same way. She had imaginative ears. We had some pretty strong brawls. Some of them were funny when you look back on it. Once, in the thirties, Benny Goodman and I went fishing out on Long Island, and every time we stopped at what looked like a good place Benny said, 'Come on, Red. I know a better place further on.' Pretty soon we were out near Montauk. We stayed a couple of days—Montauk was a sleeper jump then—and when I got home I could tell that Mildred was hacked. Things were cool, but I didn't say anything, and a night or two after, when we were sitting in front of the fire—I was on a love seat on one side and she was on one on the other side—Mildred suddenly got up and took this brand-new hat she had bought me at Cavanaugh's and threw it in the fire. So I got up and threw a

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white fox stole of hers in the fire, and she got a Burberry I'd got in Canada and threw *that* in. By this time she was screaming at me and I was yelling at her, so finally I picked up a cushion from one of the love seats and in it went. The fire was really burning. In fact, it was licking right out the front and up the mantel, and that was the end of the fight because we had to call the Fire Department to come and put it out."

Norvo laughed, and went over to a window. The fog was thicker and the light in the room was gray. "But we were compatible most of the time. I don't know what happened eventually. It developed into a thing where there were no children. She wanted children very badly, and it got to the point where we were talking about adopting a child. We lived on Thirty-first Street by then, and I looked around me and it was a madhouse—the maid running around, dachshunds running around, the telephone ringing—and I thought, This is no place to bring kids up in. But it was a slow thing. The car skids a little before it stops, the carburetor skips a little before it stops. I'd move out and we would go back together and I'd move out again. It lasted twelve years before we were divorced. But I always had cordial relations with Mildred. After Eve and I were married, we would take the kids up to Mildred's farm, in Stormville, New York. She loved the children and she gave each of them a dappled dachshund. We still have one of the descendants out in the patio. Mildred died on December 12, 1951. I was at the Embers with the trio, and when I arrived for work I got a message to call home immediately. Mildred had wanted me to do something for her in New York, and I had talked to her earlier that evening on the phone. She was in the hospital in Poughkeepsie for a check-up—she had had pneumonia the year before—and when I reached Eve she told me that the hospital had called and that Mildred had died peacefully in her sleep. It was her heart. She was just forty-four."

Norvo was silent for a moment. Then he said, "Let's go out to the kitchen and find some lunch."

—Whitney Balliett

•

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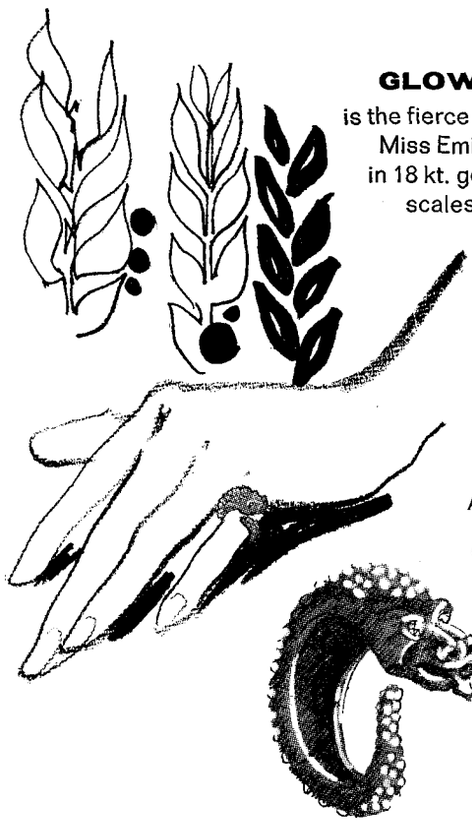

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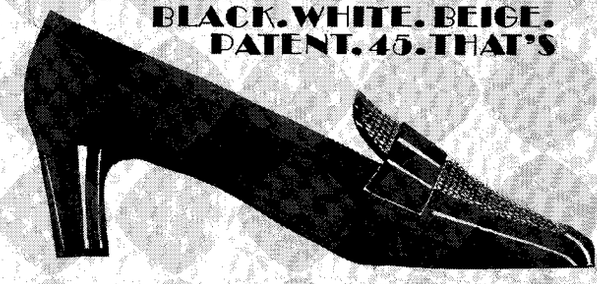

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THE THEATRE

THE TRAGIC VIEW

WITH financial help from the alert and sympathetic National Council on the Arts and the Billy Rose Foundation, the Minnesota Theatre Company—a repertory group that has been making a name for itself in Minneapolis-St. Paul for some time now under the joint direction of Peter Zeisler and Tyrone Guthrie—has brought a couple of plays East for our edification. The first of them, "The House of Atreus," is the "Oresteia" of Aeschylus, adapted and translated by a young actor and former resident playwright of the group named John Lewin, and it opened last week at the Billy Rose Theatre. (Thanks to the not-to-be-trifled-with strictness of deadlines in the holiday season, I will have to put off reviewing the second play, Brecht's "The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui," until next week.) The Orestean trilogy is universally acknowledged to be one of the greatest dramatic works ever composed, but it is also, of course, very nearly the oldest—it was given in Athens for the first time twenty-four hundred and twenty-six years ago—and under the best of circumstances it is hard to bridge the huge gulf in time and modes of thought and expression that lie between it and us. As W. H. Auden once wrote, "If there is any reaction to the Greeks which may be called typical of our age as compared with preceding times, it is, I think, a feeling that they were a very odd people indeed, so much so that when we come across something they wrote which seems similar to our own way of thinking, we immediately suspect that we have misunderstood the passage." He comments that, being different from us as people, the ancient Greeks are different from us in their poetic sensibility ("Primitive poetry says simple things in a roundabout way where modern poetry tries to say complicated things straightforwardly"); to this obstacle is added, for most of us, the obstacle of our not speaking their tongue. As Auden says, "The aesthetic loss in translation from one language into another is always immense; in the case of languages and cultures as far apart as Greek and English, it becomes practically fatal." Mr. Lewin's translation fails to earn even the mitigation of a "practically." It is a pedestrian piece of work, which grows coarser and more careless from one play of the trilogy to the next, as if Mr. Lewin had been encouraged, by the exhilaration of doing bad work easily, to stray further and further from the original, making Aeschylus comfortable for us by dint of Lomanizing him (at one point I swear I heard "Attention must be paid," and at another point a senile Mary Poppins of a nurse maunders on about changing the infant Orestes' soiled diapers), and by putting arch, campy jokes into the mouths of gods and goddesses—yocks for Athena!

Having lost the steel-hand, close-wrought language of Aeschylus, we are left with the bloody horror of the stories told in "Agamemnon" and "The Bringers of Offerings," and then with that astonishing appeal from family revenge to justice through reason which furnishes the climax of "The Furies." (Walter Kaufmann mentions that Aeschylus himself designed the masks and costumes for the Furies, to such frightening effect that at the first performance a number of Athenian women are said to have given birth prematurely.) Tyrone Guthrie has tried to make us forget the poetry of which we have been cheated by a characteristic display of energetic stage tricks; a big chorus is kept in constant, weaving motion, at once dancing and not dancing, and it chants its lines in a fashion that is not quite song and not quite a cheer in the Yale Bowl. His efforts prove too strenuous for their own good; "the greatest show on earth" is, after all, the slogan of a circus, not a play. The setting and costumes, by Tanya Moiseiwitsch, and the masks, by Carolyn Parker, are more successful; they shoulder their way up through the mists of time with a primordial spooky grandeur that makes one's hair prickle with expectant awe.

It is another of Mr. Guthrie's tricks to have the female roles

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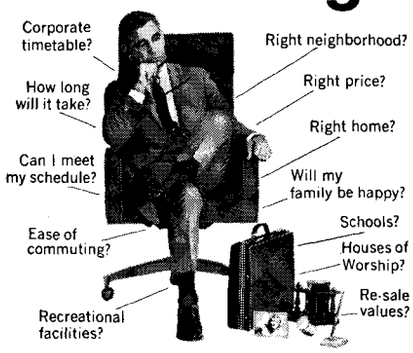

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in "The House of Atreus" played by men. Whatever may have been the practice in former times, this is but a trick today, and it becomes all the more a trick when one discovers that Mr. Guthrie has permitted other roles in the plays to be taken by women, who from time to time even sound like women; one cannot have it both ways. Douglas Campbell plays Clytemnestra with the droll relish and menace of a female impersonator doing a turn as Mae West; Robin Gammell—Robin in this case is a man's name—plays both Cassandra and Electra, rendering them indistinguishable as to sex or personal traits; and Richard Ramos is terrible as the squeaky, gibbering nurse. He/she makes the audience laugh at her domestic prattle about the lamentable ways of gods and men—an inexcusable affront to Aeschylus.

CONVENTIONAL professional discipline kept me at the Belasco until the curtain fell on the first act of "The Sudden and Accidental Re-education of Horse Johnson," but nothing on earth could have induced me to remain for the second act, especially at a time when good will toward men is being urged upon us from every department-store marquee. I will try to bear as small a grudge as possible against Douglas Taylor, the author of this squalid and talentless little catastrophe. To what must have been the great relief of its embarrassed cast, which included Jack Klugman, Kathleen Maguire, and William Bogert, "The Sudden, etc." closed after five performances. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

The Comic View

THE Negro Ensemble Company has opened its second season, at the St. Marks, with the first professionally produced play by Ray McIver, a Negro writer from Georgia. Called "'God Is a (Guess What?),'" and described as "a morality play with music," it is an eruption of broad parodies of religious ceremonies and of show-business routines from drama and melodrama, musicals, vaudeville, night clubs, and, primarily, minstrel shows. Two rednecks, in white makeup, act as end men throughout. The tone is jeering, mischievous, sarcastic, blasphemous, occasionally condescending to the audience, often witty, and passionately serious as we are told the story of a black man named Jim who refuses to flee from two lynchers (the end men, father and son) and insists on keeping

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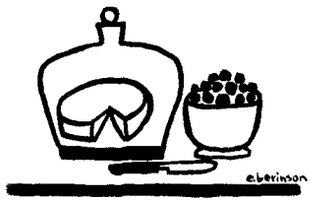
his faith that God Almighty will rescue him. His pregnant wife pleads with him to run away, as do his very modern unborn son ("You're a dead coon. *Au revoir, mon père.* I join Mama in saying that you're a goddam fool") and a woman who is worried that a lynching might queer the coming début of her daughter ("You cahn't do this thing. You just cain't"). But Jim is right; he *is* rescued by divine intervention. What God is, of course, is a black God (in the quietly commanding and humorous person of Graham Brown), who wears a gray suit and a grayish makeup, swears a good deal, and urges action rather than meekness, submission, or any other Christian virtue, even though His "baby boy is on that other-cheek kick." The play takes a strong stand on Christianity as it is practiced in (the music keeps reminding us) "America the Beautiful." God, who calls Himself Mr. Bla-Bla because He is tired of all the names He has been given through the ages, is also more than tired of all the atrocities that have been committed in His name, and irritated beyond bearing by the forms of Christian ritual ("'The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost!' Holy Christ! Will you tell me what that means?"). It is Jim He thanks for keeping Him alive, and, on Jim's behalf, He issues an eleventh commandment prohibiting lynching. The part is edged with comic bitterness and is perfectly realized by Mr. Brown. Julius W. Harris is fine as Jim.



A lot of the routines are entertaining, and just as abrasive as they are meant to be. (I must say that I do not take readily to protest drama, even when I am wholeheartedly with the protesters.) A great many proper names are bounced around for comic effect, among them Willie Mays, Rochester, Roy Wilkins, Dr. Bunche, and James Baldwin, and the audience responded happily to each of them. (This kind of inside joke and automatic laugh is much too easy.) The humorous high point of the evening is a takeoff on a night-club routine done by the company's three young beauties—Judyann Jonsson, Hattie Winston, and Rosalind Cash—dressed in pants suits and patent-leather shoes, and dancing their heads off as they twirl top hats and canes and beam with dazzling insincerity at the audience. They bring down the house, and they deserve to. Arthur French and David Downing are properly moronic and funny as the bigoted, foolish end men. The costumes, by Bernard Johnson, are effective, and the music, by Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson, which comments on any number of kinds of songs, sounds extremely witty and awfully good.

WHEN Rochelle Owens' "Futz!" was done at Café LaMama a couple of years ago, it seemed to me wild, obscene, innocent, poetic, and quite thrilling. Later on, I saw it again at an Off Broadway theatre, and my enthusiasm dimmed considerably. Nevertheless, I think Miss Owens is a playwright who follows no trends but her own, and there is evidence of at least her eccentricity in her vile "Beelch," which opened last week at the Gate. Aside from that, there is nothing to be said for the play, a fantasy about the perversions of a white queen in Africa. It is much dirtier than "Futz!" and much nastier than anything else I have ever seen. The atrocious performance (title role, Jean David; direction, Don Signore) makes what perhaps could have been a lively repulsive evening into a deadly repulsive evening.

THE only reason for mentioning "The Autograph Hound" and "Lemonade," a double-barrelled waste of time at the Jan Hus, is to note that Nancy Coleman is mysteriously able to infuse some sensibility and grace into her coarsely written role of a tipsy, addled matron. —EDITH OLIVER

• •

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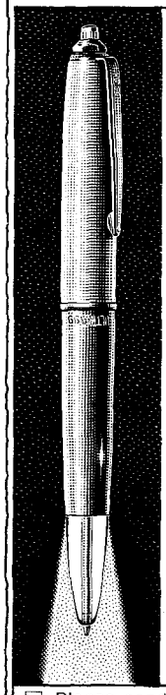

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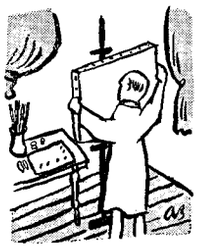
THE ART WORLD

Surrealism in the Streets



REVERBERATIONS of the student-worker uprising in Paris last spring have now reached the New York art world in the form of two exhibitions of posters—one at the Museum of Modern Art, the other at the Jewish Museum. Both exhibitions consist largely of graphics executed by students of the École des Beaux-Arts and the École des Arts Décoratifs in a workshop improvised during the demonstration under the title of Atelier Populaire. Posters were made, too, by well-known Paris artists—Matta, Hélion, Le Parc, to name only a few—but these are not included. The student work is uneven and at its best is not distinguished. There is no strong sense of style, the draftsmanship is commonplace, the typography is haphazard, the colors are crude and devoid of emotional or eye-catching power, the symbols are obvious; "Return to Normal" is illustrated by a flock of sheep, the riot police by modifying their helmets to represent death's-heads. Obviously, there was no thought of advancing the art of postermaking, and Paris professionals need not feel challenged. The desire of the students seems to have tended in the opposite direction, toward work conspicuously "poor" and makeshift, like the *affiches* of the Resistance done on the run and with whatever means lay at hand. Some of the posters stand out because of their visual aptness: a tiny cartoon figure seen from behind writing "No" on a wall in red; the façade of a building representing France, sustained by columns, shaped like ninepins, that represent the official political parties, including the Communists and the Gaullists, and are about to be knocked down by a speeding ball inscribed "Pouvoir Populaire;" an arrow, composed of crowds of people, pointing up, like a rocket on a launching pad, above the statement that "Thrust Is Given for a Prolonged Struggle."

Granted the indifferent formal qualities of the posters, their interest lies almost exclusively in their content—which is, no doubt, where it should lie. Political posters may be destined for the museum, but at least at their inception they belong to the event of which they are a part. Taken as a collective act, the Paris posters are, in their offhandedness, a fuller expression of the rebellious students than they would be if they were more attractive. There is, too, the fact of haste. In any case, here the message overrode any impulse to make the posters more aesthetically gratifying. But in regard to what they say in words, the posters are, by all the evidence, outdone by the Paris wall inscriptions, a medium even more transient. At the Atelier Populaire, ideas were exchanged and drawings were criticized; the authors who published their thoughts upon the walls were spared even this degree of restraint. Anyone with a piece of chalk or a spray can of paint could inscribe his mood or his favorite quotation with a sweep of his arm over the bricks. "I decree the state of permanent happiness," wrote one inspired hand. Persons disposed to challenge this claim of omnipotence were attacked in advance by another inscription, labelled a Chinese proverb: "When a finger points at the moon, an imbecile looks at the finger." The discussion was closed by the slogan "The imagination seizes power."

A process akin to that of the collective poetry of early Surrealism gives the wall writings a kind of imaginative coherence within the chaos of randomness. The policy line of the uprising as it was expressed by both posters and walls was largely derived from Marxist, anarchist, and Surrealist propositions mixed together in an intellectual substratum of defiance. In the posters politics is uppermost, in the wall graffiti Surrealism. Three posters in the Museum of Modern Art collection identify de Gaulle with Hitler (one reticently, by suspending a question mark over a de Gaulle Hitlerized by a mustache); several, at both the Museum of Modern Art and the Jewish Museum, attack voting and parliamentarianism; the fist appears often, to symbolize struggle; workers are advised that "Your boss needs you, you don't need him;" radio, television, and the press are reviled as tools of government oppression—police on the TV screen are "the police in your home." All these bear the stamp of left-wing politics, from Stalinism to anarchism. Only occasionally does

"It's absolutely silly to have an account that permits us to write checks for more than our balance if we never use it."

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DINK STOVER DOES HIS MEDIA THING

OR

"THE SHOW MUST GO ON"

In which the true mettle of Dink (as he participates in what has become a not-so-jolly outing) is sorely tested by perfidious sabotage on the part of "the ferret."

Our last episode ended on a chilling note. Homer Barrow, Chairman of Amalgamated, Inc. and Dink were engaged in a game of croquet. Suddenly, Barrow disappeared down the path leading to the sea, in pursuit of his croquet ball. It is now the next morning and he has not been seen since. Dink suspects foul play, since he recalls the somewhat ferret-faced man who accosted him on the train and the black sedan which followed him to Frolicdale. Has "the ferret" finally struck? Read on:

Pacing the creaking veranda in the wan light of dawn, Dink Stover was facing the most difficult decision of his life. Should he call off today's media presentation or follow through? What to do?

"On the one hand," he mused, "it may seem callous of me and the agency 'team' to carry on today's program while the search continues for Mr. Barrow. And, by Jupiter, the lads are certainly bone-weary after scouring the shore line in our fruitless quest.

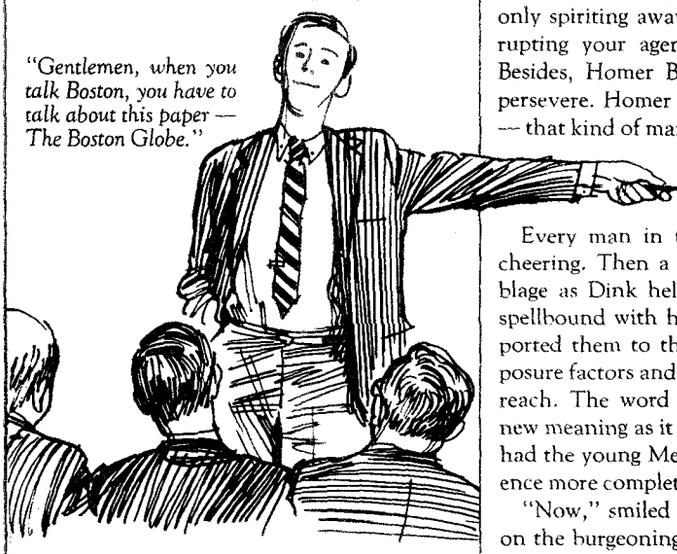
"On the other hand, the men of Amalgamated have looked forward to the media presentation for months. It's the traditional highlight of the meeting and it would be a cruel blow to disappoint them now."

. . . as he clenched his butter knife. . .

What to do? By the time his compatriots had assembled for breakfast, Dink knew there was only one course to follow.

"Gentlemen," he announced calmly and evenly (although one could see his knuckles whiten as he clenched his butter knife), "the show must go on."

Later, in the assembly hall of Frolicdale-by-the-Sea, Dink made a few prefatory remarks. "It may seem heartless to conduct what might be called business as usual. But everything humanly possible is being done to locate Mr. Barrow; we can do no more. And it would be folly to give our mysterious adversary (I strongly suspect that somewhat ferret-faced man) the satisfaction of not only spiriting away your leader but also disrupting your agency's media presentation. Besides, Homer Barrow would want us to persevere. Homer Barrow was — I mean, is — that kind of man."



"Gentlemen, when you talk Boston, you have to talk about this paper — The Boston Globe."

Every man in the hall was on his feet, cheering. Then a hush fell over the assemblage as Dink held both client and agency spellbound with his presentation. He transported them to the wonderful world of exposure factors and CPM's and frequency and reach. The word "demographics" took on new meaning as it rolled from his lips. Never had the young Media Director held an audience more completely in his grasp.

"Now," smiled Dink, "I'm going to focus on the burgeoning Boston market. It's quite fitting since the proud old 'Hub' is only a few miles away. And, gentlemen, when you talk Boston, you have to talk about this paper — The Boston Globe." At this moment Dink pressed the switch on his slide projector.

His audience began to guffaw. Then Dink saw what had happened: the slide was upside down. Quickly he moved on to the next slide; again, a catastrophe. And again and again — every slide featuring The Boston Globe was either upside down, out of sequence, or downright defaced.

"The scoundrel," muttered Dink. "The ferret has struck again!"

But the intrepid young man soon regained his composure. He turned off the projector and opened his briefcase. There, under an abacus and two boxes of ginger snaps, was a crisp copy of The Boston Sunday Globe.

"This is better than any number of slides," exulted Dink. "Here's the new look of The Sunday Globe — with each section easier to locate. Notice the clear front pages of the main news sections. Pass them around.

"And now for the news I've been saving for last. The Boston Globe (morning, afternoon, and Sunday) is readying a mammoth new readership/marketing study. It is being tabulated," and here his voice rang through the room, "at this very moment!"

The applause was deafening. The meeting had ended on the highest possible note. Once again, Dink had adroitly fanned the ashes of defeat into the flames of triumph.

But what about the somewhat ferret-faced man? Where is he lurking? Who is he? What devilish scheme will next be concocted by his twisted mind? And where is Homer Barrow? Will he ever be seen again? Watch for the next episode — in the somewhat near future.

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Some Fine Day You'll Come To Waterville In Maine

the Silent woman
RESTAURANT

Surrealism intrude, as in the call to "Be realistic, demand the impossible." Nor is there any sign of the influence of Surrealist painting. One suspects that the students of the Beaux-Arts, like students in most American art schools, haven't been taught much about Surrealism, and that they receive their politics from the same source as other students.

Yet Surrealist thinking is omnipresent in the thought of the uprising—and the walls speak for Surrealism. It is the Surrealist idea, detached from Surrealist art, that links the uprising to art history, as it is Marxist thinking, detached from Marxist organization, that links the uprising to the history of Socialism. Apparently the idea of a movement can outlive the movement itself. Officially, Dada and Surrealism have been dead for thirty years; in terms of art history, nothing remains but the more famous of their artifacts and their "heritage." In the Paris uprising, however, Surrealism, laced with Dada, suddenly reappeared as an intellectual force independent of its past creations. In the mid-twentieth century, ideologies that have lost their potency as systems or have been repudiated reëmerge as bits of folklore. "Culture," said a Paris wall inscription, "is the inversion of life." But this statement itself is culture, since it is inherited from the radical art movements of fifty years ago.

What was involved in the Paris action, it turned out, was not a revolution against culture but a split between living ideas and their institutional forms. Marxist thought was directed against the Marxist parties; "Graffiti in the medical faculty," reports Herbert Lottman in the current issue of *Cultural Affairs*, the organ of the Associated Councils of the Arts, "suggested that 'PCF' [the initials of the French Communist Party] really meant Parti Complice des Flics, accomplices of the cops." Similarly, the Dada-Surrealist slogans—"No, to the coat-and-tie revolution," "Poetry is in the streets"—were directed against institutional art, to which, of course, Dada and Surrealist masterworks now belong. Separating the idea from the distorted forms in which it had realized itself, each ideological wing of the uprising found its antagonist in the social agency officially representing its field of interest. "Sabotage the culture industry," urged a tract distributed at the Odéon the night the students moved in. "Occupy and destroy the institutions. Reinvent life." The mass media were the general target, for political reasons (that is, for favoring the government), but each segment of the cultural machine—universities, art schools, film schools, national theatres, orchestras—was equally the enemy. At the very moment when our own Museum of Modern Art was presenting "Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage" as consisting of what was aesthetically valid today in the paintings and constructions of Picabia, Duchamp, Magritte, Ernst, Arp, Miró, and Man Ray, Surrealism as a radical movement had come to life in the streets of Paris. In its attack on the "culture industry," the uprising of the students touched an essential nerve of contemporary culture—the alienation of the creation from its creator and his ideas, and the consequent emptiness of the relation between the artist and his audience. No sooner does the painting, the musical score, the script leave its author's hands than it becomes a commodity of the culture industry; on a Marxist poster this was translated into "Culture, favorite weapon of the bourgeoisie."

Therefore the repeated call in this "cultural revolution" to bring art into the streets: "The police are posted in the Beaux-Arts, the Beaux-Arts are posted in the streets," "Poetry is in the street," "The cinema, from now on, is in the streets," and so on. The demonstration is an art form without turnstiles. Everyone in it is at once a performer and a spectator. "Let us take part in the cleaning up; there are no maids here." In the demonstration, life and culture no longer seem at odds. Rhythms of marching awaken the improvisations of individuals and groups. The demonstration assumes the stability of the antagonist and the absence of material means for overthrowing him. Thus its strategy is undefined and its hope is essentially magical—that the walls be toppled by a trumpet blast. For the imagination, the highest power is an outcry, the persistent reiteration of desire. The demonstration is a species of collective inspiration, the closest approximation by modern man of ancient rituals of rebirth. Witnesses of the Paris uprising have testified to the new openness, candor, surges of comradeship

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among strangers—confirmed by the celebrated rejoinders of the rebels to slanders intended to divide them from a leader and some of their members: "We are all German Jews," "We are all undesirables." On such occasions, people, feeling renewed, live in the conviction that "things will never be the same again." (Mr. Lottman soberly reaches the same conclusion after analyzing what has changed in France since May-June.) Too many discoveries have been made, among them that one pays too dearly for a stability one is better off without. To students today, in whom texts concerning "the revolution in permanence," art as a "development of personality," the university as "a community of scholars," Socialism as the "withering away of the state" are still fresh, the street is the arena of the ideal, and throughout the world the demonstration has become their instrument of collective expression.

"The imagination seizes power" describes, of course, a transitory condition, but all precious conditions are transitory. The propaganda of the Paris uprising, observes a wall label at the Museum of Modern Art, "nourished itself in immediacy." But immediacy is the essential quality sought by modern art, and the idea of the ephemeral art object, the vanguard concept that unites Duchamp's "readymades" of fifty years ago with today's Happenings and mixed-media performances, attains its culmination in inventions produced and discarded in the course of a liberating act.

In formal terms, a demonstration is a species of mass spectacle that differs from parades and sports events in that its major audience consists of the demonstrators themselves. Participation energizes them and enlarges their confidence in their strength. "To be free in 1968," said a Paris scrawl, "is to participate." In its spontaneous form, the demonstration is a medium of popular self-expression that realizes the slogan of Lautréamont adopted by the Surrealists: "Poetry must be made by everybody." An opposite kind of poetry made by everybody may, however, also be produced by the popular demonstration—that of the mass human machine, in which, as in the Nazi Nuremberg rallies, the self-expressive individual of the rebellious street crowd is replaced by the human unit reacting to mechanically timed cues. Such an overwhelming of the individual in the mass produces its own type of afflatus. Thus the mass demonstrations of the twentieth century provide a paradigm of the Expressionist and depersonalizing duality of modern creation.

The exhibition at the Jewish Museum indicates a comprehension that the place of the Paris posters in art is contingent on the event that brought them into being. To supply the vanished essence of the uprising, the Museum supplements its display of seventy-two posters with photographs of the Paris streets and the student and worker demonstrators, accompanied by sound tracks and a film of the action. For a reflecting contrast, the Museum also presents twenty-six posters done in Prague last August in response to the Russian invasion. These graphics are unmistakably "proletarian" in style—crude drawing, broken chains, profiles of Lenin, heavy black and red type—and they should have convinced the Russians that Czechoslovakia's cultural revolution had not extended to non-professional designers.

In its exhibition of some twenty-five of the Atelier Populaire posters, the Museum of Modern Art, as in its treatment of Dada-Surrealism, has been content to show the artifacts alone, without reference to the event or the ideas that inspired them. Seen out of context, these posters convey the minimum of suggestion about the thinking and feeling of the students and the relation of this thinking to modern art. Under these circumstances, one wonders why the Museum of Modern Art felt obliged to exhibit these aesthetically inferior creations at all. Perhaps doing this is an acknowledgement that, however much it goes against the grain at the Museum, modern art is identified with radical criticism of contemporary culture and with radical social actions as well as with experiments in form, and that therefore the improvisations by which youth expresses its desires are somehow the Museum's business, regardless of how little they contribute to the history of taste.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

Fairlee firemen called for a fire not far from the engine house early Tuesday afternoon that was going up the mountain. The Orford Fire Dept. came to help and the fire was quickly extinguished. The cause is not known as no fires are allowed.—*Lebanon (N.H.) Valley News.*

Insubordination, probably.

•

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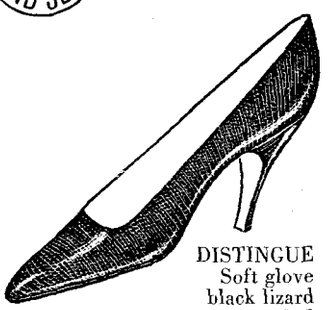

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Sign of Life

"INGMAR BERGMAN's 'Shame,'" the screening invitation said, "is that director's ultimate personal vision of war and its effects on two people," and if there was anything I didn't want to see, it was another Ingmar Bergman picture, and Bergman on *war!* Years had passed, but I hadn't yet fully recovered from that tank creaking along on the plywood streets in the nameless country of "The Silence," and recent Bergman pictures had been organized so subconsciously that they were only partly on the screen—the rest still in his head. I have always thought it rather funny that Bergman's most famous statement is that his purpose is to be like one of the anonymous artisans involved in the collective building of the Cathedral of Chartres. Every time I hear that reverentially quoted, I marvel at the power of fancy sentiments to seduce people—because no moviemaker is less of an anonymous artisan on a collective project than Ingmar Bergman. There is teamwork—of a kind—in Hollywood, but Bergman's team is *his* team, working to express *his* vision. I have seen more than twenty of his twenty-nine feature films, and I am well aware that if ever there was a "personal" and "individual" movie director, it is Ingmar Bergman. Before "Shame," he had, indeed, become so personal that he was beginning to treat his own mind as a cathedral—sanctifying his ideas and obsessions. Movies like "Persona" and "Hour of the Wolf," despite brilliant passages, were so disordered and so full of associations with his earlier work that though one could respond to parts of them emotionally, trying to understand what he was getting at required exegesis and, finally, guesswork. He seemed to be dealing with material that was only semiconscious—material so close to him and so confused that he was unable to make it accessible.

In recent years, the movie audience has split into the audience for popular films—the mass audience—and the art-house audience, and movies, once heralded as the great new democratic art, have followed the route of the other arts. The advances are now made by "difficult" artists who reach a minority audience, and soon afterward, the difficult artists, or their bowdlerizers, are consumed by the mass audience. Yesterday's interesting, difficult new directors become commercial, and their work becomes part of the film industry's anonymous product, which will never be compared to Chartres. Infrequent moviegoers are likely to be irritated when they go to a highly recommended art-house picture and find it bewildering and obscure. What they may not be aware of is that in this new, divided world of film the commercial movies have become so omnivorous and so grossly corrupt that frequent moviegoers may, for the first time in movie history, be looking for traces of talent and for evidence of thought, and may care more for an "interesting" failure than for a superficially entertaining "hit." During the last New York film festival, I, for example, was impressed by a film called "Signs of Life," written and directed by a young German, Werner Herzog, even though the film was maddeningly dull and lacked flair and facility, because Herzog was clearly highly intelligent and was struggling toward a distinctive new approach. As a casual moviegoer, I might have thought: What a bore! As a constant one, I thought: This young man, I hope, will invent the techniques he needs, and the movie itself is a sign of life. For constant moviegoers, facility is no longer very important. Television commercials and the tricks of thousands of clever technicians have devalued facility; it's like the graceful literary style of all those college writers who will never have anything to say.

Bergman was one of the few directors who had managed to stay clear of international financing and the big industry; he had worked out his own techniques and gone his own way. But his own way had become a bleak and thorny path in a landscape by Edvard Munch, and he took it so often, with the same actors representing "the artist's"—i.e., *his*—conflicts and anguish, that it was becoming a well-travelled psychotic freeway. By "Hour of the Wolf," released earlier this year, I no longer found him "interesting;" if a movie director isn't going to provide a joke or two and some dancing girls, if he's going to be serious, then he'd better have something serious to say. I knew a Catholic girl in college who was losing her faith and who spent a semester extracting the last dregs of drama from her spiritual crisis by going around asking everybody, "If you don't believe in God, what basis do you have for going on living?" Bergman pulled that same dumb stunt for a much longer period, and when he graduated to the agony-of-the-creator theme, it really seemed about time for him to give us more creation and less agony. I wanted a sign of life from him—not just masterly passages like the great erotic monologue in "Persona" but the kind of sign I thought I had seen back in the mid-fifties when "Summer Interlude" first turned up (as an exploitation picture), followed by "Smiles of a Summer Night" and "The Seventh Seal" and his early "Törst." But then came ten years that were a regular death knell of movies, from "Wild Strawberries" to "Hour of the Wolf," though he developed an extraordinary expressive technique and an extraordinary control over actors, and though, intermittently, he produced sequences of great intensity. But what a tiresome deep thinker of second-rate thoughts he had become—the Billy Graham of the post-analytic set. And how absurdly gloomy and self-absorbed—a man living alone in the world and stewing in his own intellectual juice. When the heroine of "Persona" turned on the television and saw Vietnam atrocities, we in the audience experienced culture shock—a medievalist had crossed the time barrier. If, despite his erratic brilliance, I was fed up with Bergman, it was because of the pall of profundity that hung over his work and because so many people had come to think that that pall was art.

"Shame" is a masterpiece, and it is so thoroughly accessible that I'm afraid some members of the audience may consider it too obvious. They have had so many years now of grappling with puzzles that they may consider all that figuring out *responding* to a work of art; when they devised a theory about what was going on in a film, they took their own ingenuity as proof that the film was art. And now here is Bergman, of all people, making a direct and lucid movie; they may, in self-defense, decide it's banal. But if "Shame" is banal, it's the most powerful banal movie ever made—the obvious redeemed. Bergman has pulled himself together and objectified his material. There are no demons, no delusions. Everybody is exactly who he appears to be, so we can observe the depth and complexity of what he is. There is no character who may or may not represent Bergman; he is not lost in the work but is

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in control of it, and is thus more fully present than before. "Shame" is indeed a vision of the effect of war on two people, but there are a great many people in the movie—it is full of characters and incidents—and as the movie started to develop and *people* began to appear, I began to breathe easier about what Bergman was doing this time. Although he had earlier made several films I didn't like, I think I really first despaired of him in "Through a Glass Darkly," because that was when he began to empty the screen and make chamber dramas. Though limiting the cast to a girl, her brother, her husband, and her father and setting them on an island marked the beginning of a new concentration on screen technique for him, and though he began to make severe *formal* demands on himself, he also made incredible demands on the audience. One of the blessings of movies was to liberate us from the lighthouses and remote cottages of the theatre; he was taking us back to them, and not for convenience. Using few people is as difficult for a movie director as using a great many people is for a stage director. One always knows that a young moviemaker is impossibly ignorant when he says he's going to do something simple, like a monologue; that's probably even more difficult to do successfully on the screen than an epic battle of angels is to do on the stage. Bergman, of course, knew the difficulties—knew that the fewer people on the screen and the simpler the settings, the more surely the director must be in control and the more crucial every nuance becomes—but the very fact that he was determined to do something so difficult, when it is so much easier to keep a movie audience interested with a variety of faces and backgrounds, suggested that he was wrestling with material that he felt had to be worked out in isolated settings, that was "private" material. When people go off somewhere "to think," they're generally just hung up, and his austerity made one suspect the worst. In film, concentrating on a few elements gives those elements such importance that the material can easily become inflated, and the method is generally attempted by people who overvalue their few ideas and have little sense of the abundance of ideas that must go into a good movie. Bergman was not in such straitened intellectual circumstances, but he was given to inflation of "dark" and messy ideas. The order he imposed on his chamber dramas was a false order. The films looked formal and disciplined, but (as often

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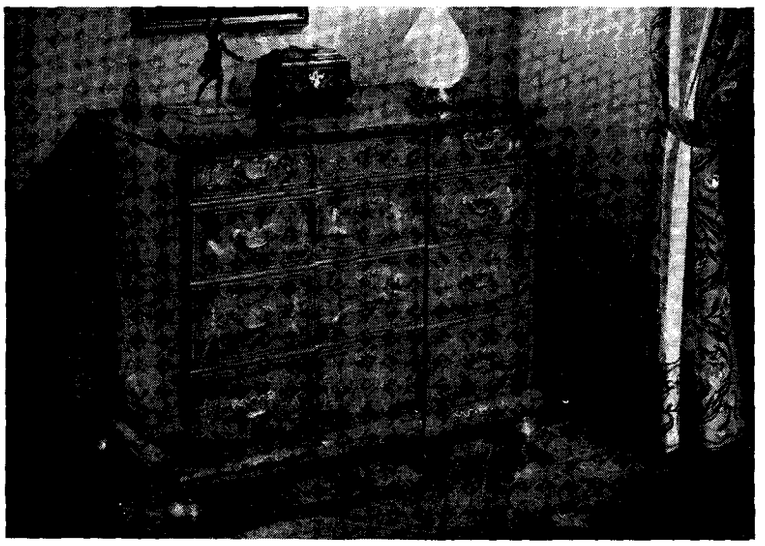

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happens in movies) that "abstract" look concealed conceptual chaos. If a movie director cannot control both his thematic material and the flux of visual material, it is far better to have inner order and outer chaos, because then there is at least a lot to look at—different people and things and places to distract one—even if it is disorganized, while if the movie looks formally strict but the ideas and emotions are disturbed, the viewer may feel that the fault is in himself for not understanding the work, or, worse, feel that this kind of artistic-looking, disturbing ambiguity is what art *is*. As Bergman went from one isolated-island or unknown-country situation to the next, with characters who spoke little and loomed large in close-up, his movies became so private that one began to wonder what he was doing by exposing this unresolved mass of anxieties and guilts and fears. In "Shame," on the contrary, he has full control of the material, and though the film, set in the chaotic last stages of war—the mopping-up operations—is a narrative of complex incidents, the outer chaos, too, is controlled. It is the chaos of life in wartime seen through an ordering intelligence.

"Shame" has an almost magical lack of surprise; it has the inevitability of a common dream. Although, in order to project us just a little beyond our current situation, it is set a tiny step into the future—1971—we feel we have already known this time. This world of 1971 has been at war long enough for events to have become confused, and (like the characters) we are the civilians in the middle of it even though we feel out of it. It is all so exactly detailed that it seems to be war as we have always known it—a war that is so familiar from our fears that it is normal, everyday total war. Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow become survivors—as in our dreams of war we are the survivors. Bergman's war is the imaginary war we remember at night. It's the semi-documentary war we know from "The Moon Is Down" and "Edge of Darkness" and Rossellini and "Les Carabiniers" and television coverage of Vietnam. There's nothing startling about it; even the weapons are conventional. It doesn't, after all, take a hydrogen bomb to finish us—a rifle can do the job. This is just degrading, ordinary old war, and it takes a while before we realize that Bergman has put us in the position of the Vietnamese and all those occupied peoples we have seen being interrogated and punished and frightened until they can no longer tell friend from enemy, extermination from liberation. "Shame" is too exact and too strongly simplified to be merely realistic; the details register upon us with an intensity and a consistency beyond realism. Sven Nykvist's photography is so straightforward it's like an unblinking eye on the universe—realistic photography that achieves an aesthetic effect beyond realism.

"Shame," it is true, "says" nothing new, but then neither did our great national elegy "The Birth of a Nation." "Shame" is an elegy written in advance for a civilization that seems already lost. Bergman finally took the death knell itself for his theme, and no one could say he hadn't prepared. He had already played around with so many macabre fantasies that he may have worked the fantastic out of his system. When he got to this vision of man's last days on earth, he looked at his subject with astonishing purity. The terror in "Shame" is in how prosaically awful the end can be. "Shame" is, in many ways, Bergman's equivalent of Godard's "Weekend"—also an account of what people do to survive—but artists of different temperaments see the destruction of their world very differently. There is not a trace of the surreal or the comic in "Shame;" Bergman does not have Godard's daring wit or his gift for making the contemporary fantastic. But it's a much more nearly perfect work than "Weekend." In the past, it was a weakness of Bergman as an artist that although he can do comedy and he can do tragic material, he cannot (as yet) combine them in one film. (When he tried, it was disastrous.) In "Shame," his unvarying, unchanging mood is effective in a new way; I have never been fond of "brooding" minds at work in film, but the vision here creates its own suspense. Can the picture possibly sustain this level of tension? It does. And without even the time-honored crutch of music. Bergman uses the sounds of war percussively—war becomes a monster beating and waiting. Maybe all those years of developing the technical mastery that made sketches of madness look controlled gave him the equipment to do precisely what he wanted to do. This is part of the excitement of watching a movie artist develop—seeing his new films the way one reads the new books of a contemporary writer, and finding, just when one is ready to give him up, that he has renewed him-

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self, transformed his materials, demonstrated that what he has learned can be used in a new direction. Bergman's austerity of style—when it is applied to objectified material—is splendid. He is now a master at creating effects of dislocation without any need for the superficial apparatus of movie surrealism. And he is a master of what is perhaps most difficult of all on film—the simple domestic scene. The way a husband and wife sit together, the way a lover's body leans as he observes his mistress, white wine in a crystal glass—the pleasures and the amenities are plainly stated, without emphasis or atmospheric touches. "Shame" is a *just* elegy, without false emotion.

Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with both von Sydow and Gunnar Björnstrand. The screen uses up actors in certain roles the way television uses up political figures—and particularly in roles in which they exhibit their least attractive qualities. Von Sydow is perhaps too familiar—and therefore slightly tiresome—in this slack-faced incarnation (he isn't when he's playing magnetic roles); we already know how good he is at it, just as we know how good Dirk Bogarde is at weaklings. Björnstrand, however, is beautifully restrained as an aging man clinging to the wreckage of his life.

There is a search through a house I thought was shot too dramatically and was excessively edited, and I could have done without the explicit formulation of the theme (which diminishes it with "poetry"), and a few confusing details, but these faults are so minor one might as well go ahead and call "Shame" a flawless work and a masterly vision. Treating the most dreaded of all subjects, the film makes one feel elated. The subject is our responses to death, but a work of art is a true sign of life. —PAULINE KAEL

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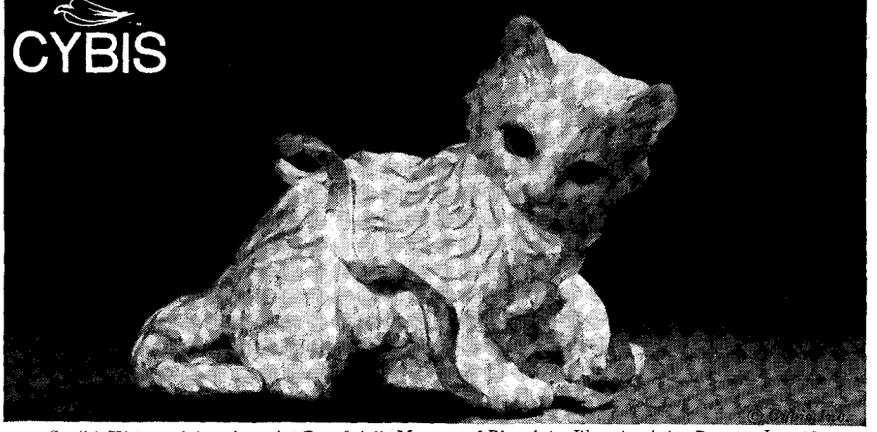

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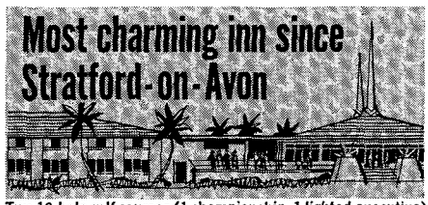

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MUSICAL EVENTS

It's the Tops

I FIRST heard Mozart's "Don Giovanni" at the Vienna Opera in 1923, conducted by the elderly Franz Schalk. The title role was done by an artist named Hans Duhan, a man with a small voice but an elegant stage demeanor and a cultivated musical style. Curiously, I cannot remember the other members of the cast. Those were, though, the peak days of Lotte Lehmann and Elisabeth Schumann in Vienna, and it is possible that they were involved. In any case, the Vienna Opera had a tradition of tight dramatic teamwork in the presentation of Mozart opera, and the production, while I have since heard many "Don Giovanni"s that were superior to it, was quite satisfying. Mozart opera was then almost unknown in America. True, the Metropolitan had presented "Don Giovanni" in Gustav Mahler's time, but the regime of Giulio Gatti-Casazza was not noted for its interest in Mozart, and it was not until the following regime, of Edward Johnson (from 1935), and from then on into the Bing regime, that the three greatest of the Mozart operas ("The Magic Flute" and "The Marriage of Figaro" as well as "Don Giovanni") were a regular part of the Metropolitan's annual schedule. The great Don Giovanni of the Johnson period was Ezio Pinza, and he was flanked by such admirable artists as Dusolina Giannini, Rose Bampton, Elisabeth Rethberg, Bidu Sayão, Richard Crooks, Zinka Milanov, and Salvatore Baccaloni. Repeated hearings of the opera have long since convinced me that "Don Giovanni" is not only the greatest opera ever written but one of the most profound essays on the human condition ever to come from the pen of a dramatist. I am saying nothing new. E. T. A. Hoffmann, a near-contemporary of Mozart and a fantastic storyteller, to whom we owe the plots of the ballets "Coppélia" and "The Nutcracker" and the ideas used in the fanciful libretto of Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," was among the first to recognize the opera's preëminence. Kierkegaard later commented on the opera from a theological point of view in the book called "Either/Or." Both Hoffmann and Kierkegaard were in love with the character Donna Elvira, the passionate, rejected, yet endlessly faithful early lady love Don Giovanni had abandoned in search of pleasure.

On the surface, "Don Giovanni" is merely a remarkably dramatic opera, with supremely beautiful music and a libretto that moves with almost cinematic speed from scene to scene. In some quarters, it has been regarded as a comedy about infidelity. But the Austrians, who gave me my first taste of it, were accustomed to another view—"Don Giovanni" as a myth, a morality play, and even, perhaps, a sort of civilized fertility rite. To them, the protagonist was not just a rake; he was a symbol of rampant nature who lived in defiance of God, and a man who had to be killed in a superhuman manner simply because he himself lived and thrived outside the code of morals ordinary mortals adhered to. He was the supreme symbol of hedonism, disregarding in his search for pleasure the lives and welfare of his fellowmen—a satanic character, and, do not forget, a criminal, for "Don Giovanni" is also an opera about crime and punishment. It was this meaning of the opera that was quickly discerned by Hoffmann and Kierkegaard.

To me, "Don Giovanni" is, in addition to everything else, by far the greatest of the three mature Mozart operas. Not that its music is superior to the music of "The Marriage of Figaro" and "The Magic Flute." Its superiority lies in the nobility of the drama Lorenzo da Ponte created out of the old Spanish legend and in the way Mozart used this drama for musical purposes. Like most operas, it also concerns itself with love and death. But the subtlety with which Mozart delineated character in "Don Giovanni" is unsurpassed in all dramatic literature. The three women of the drama are distinct personalities, and they not only contrast with each other as people but draw out different reactions from the protagonist, and they are themselves affected in different ways by him. The quite bourgeois Donna Anna, with her moral indignation and her desire to avenge her father, is a woman of a sort totally different from the self-sacrificing Donna Elvira, whose fierce devotion is such that she would throw away her life and

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forgive any number of infidelities for Don Giovanni's sake. And the peasant girl Zerlina is, again, a totally different woman—a realist, shrewd, attracted by Don Giovanni but never to the point of losing her head. The other men are less interesting. Don Ottavio is a pure knight, and would, allowed a bigger place in the action, become rather a bore. Masetto is a country bumpkin. Leporello is a little more engaging. He is a rough, cynical servant, but for all his roughness and cynicism he has religious scruples, and he is not willing to follow the great hedonist to his ultimate gesture of satanic defiance and his descent into Hell.

Compared with this powerful mythological drama, "The Marriage of Figaro" seems to me rather trivial and "The Magic Flute" a concert of lovely music with scenery and a slightly silly libretto. In the middle of the last act of these two operas, I get just a bit bored by the goings on, even though the music is sublime. But "Don Giovanni" builds and builds, keeping one in breathless suspense until the final curtain. It is my small tribute to this masterpiece to say that no matter how many times I have heard it—and it must be many, many times—I have never, at any moment, felt anything but intense excitement over its continuing suspense, and that the music has spoken to me more eloquently than any other music, either operatic or symphonic.

All this is preliminary to a review of the opera as it turned up at the Metropolitan last Tuesday night, with a cast as nearly perfect as one is likely to come across nowadays. There were a few weaknesses. The conductor, Silvio Varviso, did not quite achieve the solid substructure the opera requires, and he dragged things in places, though he was competent in most respects. The Don Ottavio of Peter Schreier was a trifle lacking in polish, but his voice was always agreeable. Martina Arroyo, as Donna Anna, sang gloriously throughout most of the evening, yet she was not quite equal to the *fioritura* of her final aria. In other respects, absolute perfection. Cesare Siepi is a Don Giovanni quite different from Ezio Pinza's version—less dominating, more playful, acting with the grace of a fencer and singing with less than Pinza's overwhelming power but nonetheless beautifully. He was in excellent voice that night. A newcomer, a Polish singer named Teresa Zylis-Gara, was Donna Elvira. She is a Mozart stylist of the first order; she sang her part with complete understanding and absolute technical assurance, and she is very pretty to look at. Her voice is not quite as large as the voices of some past Elviras, but that is a small point; she was in every way convincing. Judith Raskin was singing Zerlina for the first time. She has long been a splendid Mozart singer, and in this role she was nothing short of superb. Theodor Uppman's Masetto remains one of the best, and John Macurdy's Commendatore is remarkable for its resonance and dignity. That leaves Geraint Evans' Leporello. I have left it for last because, in all the "Don Giovanni"s I have witnessed, his Leporello is by far the finest. He has a great bass voice, and his piratical conception of the character is both funny and extremely subtle. Of the past Leporellos who come to mind, not even Fernando Corena or Salvatore Baccaloni (who was a very funny man, though he clowned the role to death) compares with Evans. This "Don Giovanni" is one of the most memorable of recent years, and it is infinitely superior to my first one, at the Vienna Opera.

—Winthrop Sargeant

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BOOKS

VERSE

WHY, at this particular moment, when poetry in English has for the most part reached a low point of flatness and numbness, should we come upon yet another meticulously documented life of Keats? One would have thought that the final word had been said some time ago, when two American scholars published long, interpretive lives of the poet in the same year. Robert Gittings, whose "John Keats" (Little, Brown-Atlantic) now sees print, quite frankly states in his foreword that no British biography comparable to the American studies has been written. Gittings himself, a Briton, in two earlier studies ("The Living Year," in 1954, and "The Mask of Keats," in 1956) had already brought to light certain Keatsian facts and associations overlooked or underplayed by more than a century of editors. He is particularly good on background detail, and his insights are freshly modern. Keats has at times been treated as though in some dim way he were a young scion of the Victorians. Nothing could be further from the truth. In spite of his ordinary background and restricted means, he came to share in more ways than one the diversely colored society of the English Regency. The manners and customs not only of the large scene but of the small, rather bohemian, and definitely "radical" group in which he moved are now well marked out. We feel a sort of floating disconnectedness in the behavior of the middle class as a whole, a sense of gaiety and license in a time that history would finally see as an interim period. It was the period of the great Whig hostesses and of their burgher imitators, of the shocking contrasts between classes that Dickens was soon to explore. (The caricatures of Rowlandson and Gillray already followed the antics of the highly as well as lowly placed with—often—obscene vigor.) At the same time, faint stirrings of taste and of connoisseurship, sometimes on a grand scale, began to appear. (Lord Elgin's "marbles" came to London during Keats's lifetime.) An enthusiasm for the Greek as well as for native "Gothic" led Keats into the field of his late ballads and the great "Odes." Gittings places emphasis on the wild streak in the poet and in his society. The importance of Keats's medical training is stressed, together with the warmth and civilized companionship given one period of his short career by his friendship with Mrs. Isabella Jones, a typical "protected" woman of the Regency. Two additional facts come to mind. Keats died in 1821, the year Flaubert and Baudelaire were born—those "masters" whose power Keats foresaw—and we know their faces by heart, thanks to Daguerre. Of Keats we have only the sketched portraits and the life and death masks; the era of the photograph had not yet begun.

The late Sir Herbert Read, in one of his informed studies of the Romantic poets, brings out, in a phrase from Keats's letters, the quality that distinguishes the group as a whole; they were able to call upon and to project "the true voice of feeling." In a period when we are surrounded by manifestations of Romanticism at its last gasp, when any rising emotional curve soon flattens out, a biography like the present one performs a crucially valuable service, both to the memory of the poet and to his reader. For we are presented with the increasingly clear fact that, with Keats's death, something went out of English poetry that never came back, or, to put it in old-fashioned diction, something vanished, never to return. "The long-drawn-out chant of the great irregular ode," the power to raise the commonplace to the realm of sublimity, the eloquence that needs no decorative tricks to sustain it—all this never reappeared in quite the same way. (Browning knew this when he placed Keats's gift alongside the vanished splendor of the murex's purple.) The times began to be wrong for that particular poetic intensity; it could exist in the future with rare exceptions—only with some ironic dilution or in the form of parody.

"You've got to face it, pal. If guys like you <u>really</u> love mankind, you have to love guys like me."

THE poetic scene at present remains crowded but fairly static. One can perhaps draw a wavering line separating the tellers of anecdotes (sometimes highly metaphysical ones) and the fantasts. Both categories can be soft or hard, empty or loaded. It is a time when very nearly all poetry is occasional, with the world of reality often approached obliquely or disguised in some way. The surreal manner of course affords the most effec-

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tive disguises. Very few attacks on either syntax or punctuation appear, but there is a marked avoidance of metre and rhyme and a slight tendency toward grim titles.

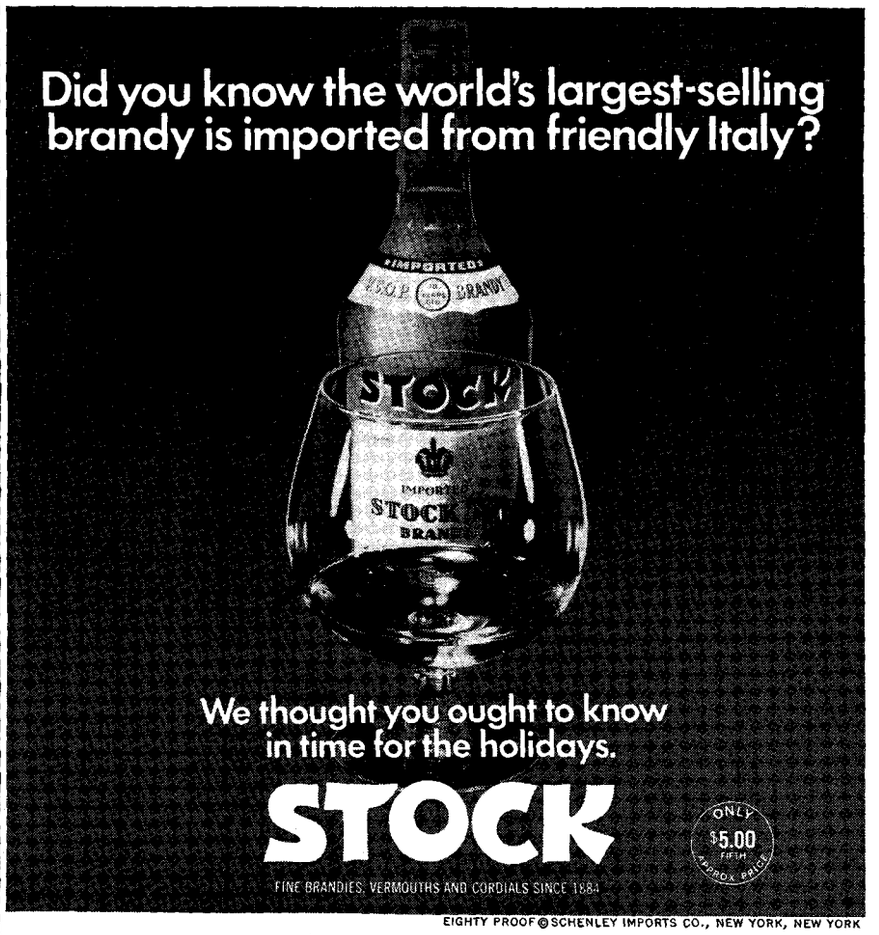
W. D. Snodgrass, in his new volume, "After Experience" (Harper & Row), continues to show his ability to return to form whenever he believes that form will most effectively do the job in hand. And his occasions are recognizable. They include a fair share of natural and unnatural horrors. W. S. Merwin, in "The Lice" (Atheneum), often situates his poems in time and space only by means of a title. Beyond the title, even the poems that are, one feels, protests become opaque because of Merwin's adherence to the nonlogical. Galway Kinnell's "Body Rags" (Houghton Mifflin) describes journeys through fear and shock in clear, if rather shattered, statements. His journey now takes him backward in time and close to primitive beginnings, and he has deserted the city. Ralph Pomeroy's "In the Financial District" (Macmillan) exhibits a talent that would have been called "lyrical" a few decades ago. The pleasures of recognition again operate here, as pure fantasy never allows them to do.

We must not ask for the sanguine at the moment. But it may come to mind how limited modern poetry has become—with the contemporary poet cut off from the possibility of head-on sweeps of joy or spells of sublimity. He may, it is true, engage in combat with the full forces of what used to be called Existentialist despair, and he can watch and pray. In Ned O'Gorman's fourth book of verse, "The Harvesters' Vase" (Harcourt, Brace & World), one is aware of the ground bass of religious feeling under the surface imagery, which is rich and elaborate. Nor is there any evidence of the mawkish or formless in another "lyricist"—Thomas Kinsella. Kinsella's "Nightwalker and Other Poems" (Knopf) shows all-round skill. Born in Dublin in 1928, this poet has for some time been considered, as M. L. Rosenthal has said, "the most distinctive voice of his generation in Ireland." He now lives and teaches in the United States, and it is interesting to consider what changes in his work this drastic shift of milieu will bring about. —Louise Bogan

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The War of the Buttons, by Louis Pergaud, translated from the French by Stanley and Eleanor Hochman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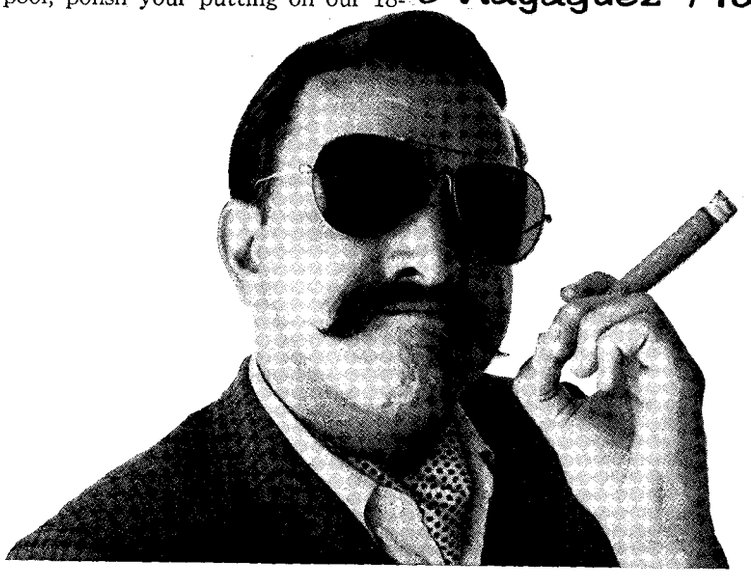

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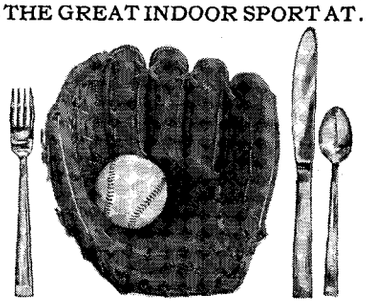

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(Walker). The first English translation of a novel originally published in 1912. It tells of a boisterous war between schoolboys of rival French villages, and is a delight from every point of view. The timeless verve of the narrative (like the enmity between the villages) has its roots in tradition. The humor is strongly Rabelaisian, and the background is specifically provincial and French, as are the subsidiary characters—Old Simon, the much abused schoolmaster; Bédouin, the nosy old gendarme; and all the tightfisted, hard-hitting peasant parents. The childish irrepressibility is fresh and universal; the boys have their men of imagination, their own rough justice for traitors, and a common enemy—the community of adults.

GENERAL

THE PROGRESSIVE HISTORIANS: TURNER, BEARD, PARRINGTON, by Richard Hofstadter (Knopf). In this remarkable study, an important American historian describes and evaluates three of his predecessors. Professor Hofstadter tells about each man's work, explains what it meant when it was written, and relates, further, how new research, new ideas, and new events have affected the world's estimate of their books. This history of historians is a brilliant exploration into the nature of history as a discipline, and into the nature of the American past and its meaning for the present.

LYRICAL AND CRITICAL ESSAYS, by Albert Camus, edited and with notes by Philip Thody, and translated from the French by Ellen Conroy Kennedy (Knopf). Here, translated for the first time, are Camus's earliest essays, and some of the finest critical observations he made over the years. "The Wrong Side and the Right Side," "Nuptials," and "Summer" are little more than preliminary jottings about Algeria and sunlight, poverty and death. Of greater interest are the critical essays, which have the doubly illuminating fascination of criticism of one creative artist by another. They reveal a surprisingly informed interest in Christian metaphysics and linguistic philosophy, and reflect Camus's admiration for the classical tradition in French literature ("I would give a hundred Hemingways for one Stendhal or one Benjamin Constant") and for order in art, which he recognizes to be the necessary adjunct to the "profound anarchy" in his early work. There is a review of the unknown Sartre by the unknown Camus, which is of more than historical interest, and a sensitive appreciation of Roger Martin du Gard. The whole collection illuminates the work of Camus, since the early lyrical essays are the basic matter of his inspiration, and the critical essays present a clear picture of the artistic standards by which he refined it. Ably edited, and with helpful notes. The translator is more at ease with the crisper critical prose than with the sensual accents of the lyrical essays.

SEVEN GLORIOUS DAYS, SEVEN FUN-FILLED NIGHTS, by Charles Sopkin (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Sopkin recently gave himself a solid week of commercial television—all six New York stations—from dawn (with Captain Kangaroo and the pipe-smoking culture panels) to Johnny Carson, Joey Bishop, Merv Griffin, and "The Late, Late Show," and this book is a reconstruction of that probably unprecedented experience. It is a funny book—an extremely funny book—but the fun is truly gallows humor. Mr. Sopkin knew, as everyone knows, that television is awful, but he learned from the daily sight and sound of "Tarzan," the Smothers Brothers, "Girl Talk," Joanna Barnes (Frank Sinatra "seems to have found peace and contentment and he's become a civic-minded citizen"), "As the World Turns," "Market Sweep," Patti Page, Gypsy Rose Lee, "Mr. Terrific," Eva Gabor, and "Birthday House" (relieved only by the Adenauer funeral and a visit in color to the Prado) that it is no such thing. It is unbearable, infantile, a national disgrace. And he concludes, "My frank opinion now is that there is *no* way to make television better. It is what it is."

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[*Letter received by a lady who complained to a firm in Kansas City that though she kept ordering Wedgwood's seven-inch plate, she kept receiving the eight-inch plate*]

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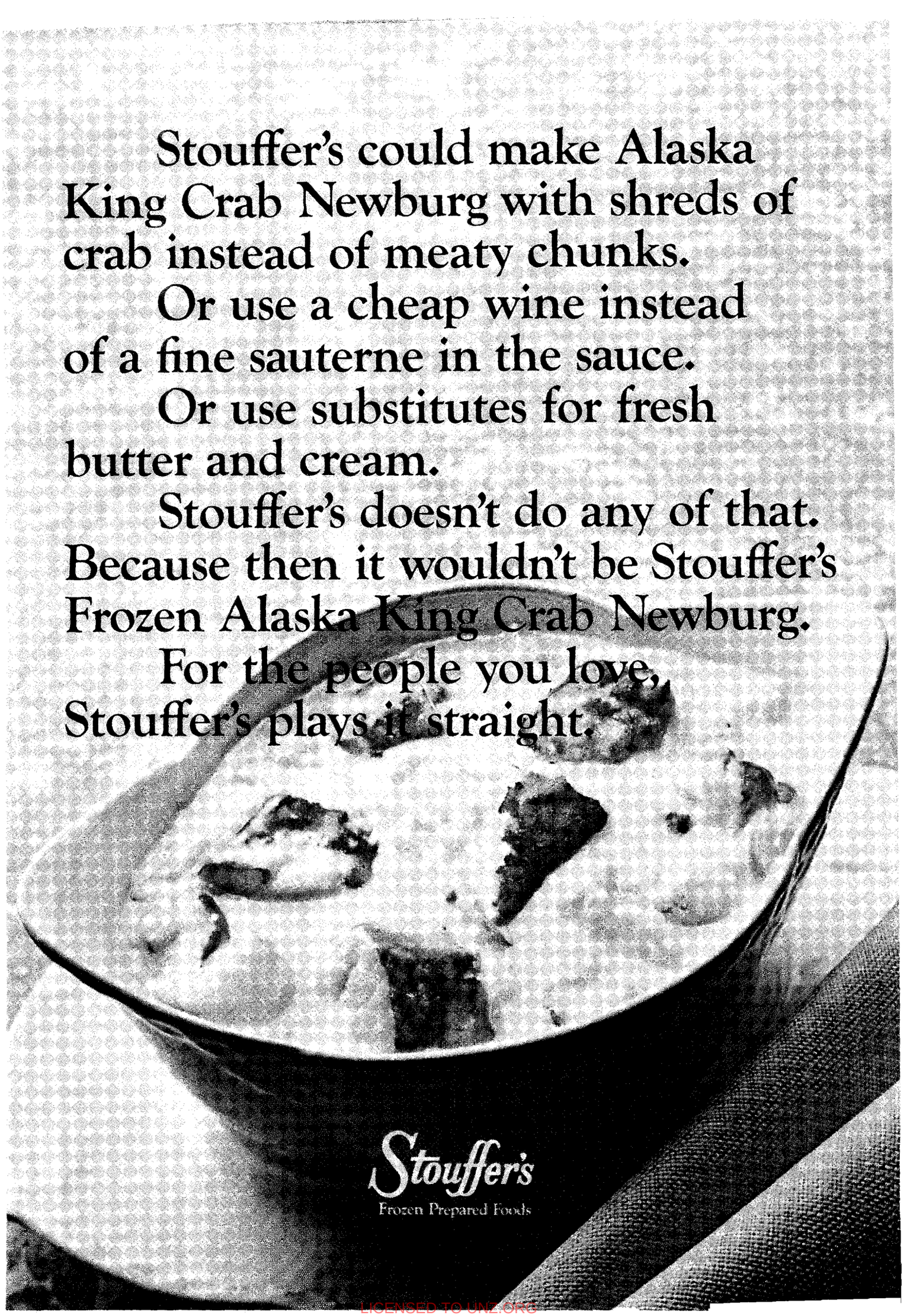

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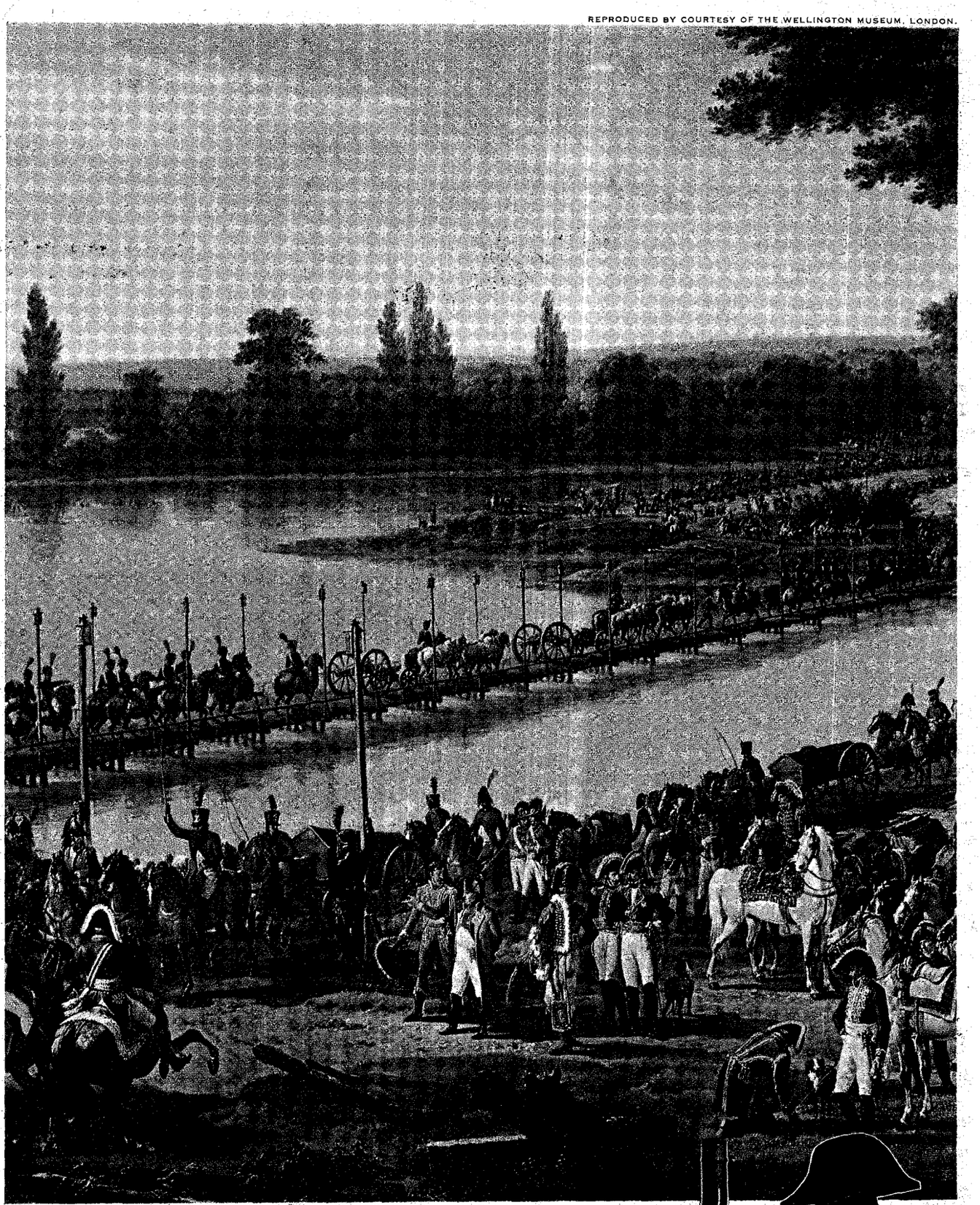

Passage de Danube par Napoleon avant la bataille de Wagram. Detail from the painting by Jacques-François Josef Swebach (1769-1823). On the night of July 4-5, 1809, French forces crossed the Danube to attack the Austrian army in Wagram. On July 6, 30,000 infantry crushed the fierce resistance of the Austrians, gaining Napoleon a costly victory.

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